

THE
GENEROUS BRITON;
OR, THE
AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS
OF
William Goldsmith, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' inspiring spirit, to impart
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast

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C O N T E N T S
OF THE
SECOND VOLUME.

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THE
GENEROUS BRITON.

CHAP. I.

*The Orphan's visit to Mrs. Jones, with other
important matters.*

THE assembled friends at St. Ismael had been very impatient for the Orphan's arrival, on account not only of his having been longer abroad than was expected, but also that the next morning had been pitched upon for his visit to Carmarthen: He informed them, with his usual openness, of his late adventure, and was highly applauded for his humane behaviour; every one full of conjectures, who these persons might be, who had no marks of being natives of that part of the
VOL. II. A country,

country, and were, by their manners, far superior to the condition in which they at present appeared : But, as for Mr. Goldsmith, he was transported at his son's benevolence, and pressing him to his bosom, exultingly declared, " This, this is indeed to live !—to have such a successor, of so feeling, so tender, so sympathetic a heart, must make the idea of dissolution itself pleasing : Go on, my son, and let me ever see in you, the friend of the oppressed, the benefactor of the distressed, and contemplate you wiping the tears from the deploring eyes of misery. I receive more satisfaction from this instance of the goodness of your heart, a thousand times, than from the profits you tell me you have made by your purchases : Let them go, my dear, always, to such purposes ; we are only the stewards of the needy and unfortunate."

Mr. Goldsmith then opened to his son the business on which they were met, charging him not to give the least hint to Lucy of what was transacting, and instructing him how he should behave in his visit, the next day, to Mrs. Jones ; adding, " and in your return to us, my dear, I know it will gratify your good heart, if you call upon the couple you have relieved,
and

and if you find matters worse there, apply to Mr. Price, my friend at Carmarthen, who is an excellent surgeon and apothecary ; send for him over, and bid him spare no expence for the recovery of the patient ; though I have such an opinion of the method you followed, as to flatter myself it succeeded. Do every thing to make them happy, and when the important affair of Sunday is over, we will all go over and see what we can do for the further service of persons that seem so much to deserve our good offices.”

The rest of the evening was spent in discourse that would have done honour to wisdom herself, and it was later than ordinary when Lucy returned, who was surprised to see so many of her friends assembled together, with whom, however, she sat down, though under some observable embarrassment, which no body but herself could divine the occasion of: Mrs. Lloyd jestingly said, “ Miss Lucy, if I were minded to crack a jest, I might assert you had lost your heart, and appeal to the company for the truth of my assertion ; for you are certainly quite heartless and quite spiritless: What, I suppose the buxom widow has been talking to you of matrimony, and given you such a fine picture

of it, that you are lost in the pleasing contemplation: Well, my dear, half the widows in Wales are very improper companions for young girls: The comforts of wedlock exist only in their imaginations, which generally acts upon their tongues too profusely for virtuous ears." "Indeed, madam," replied Goldsmith, laughing, "I am much of your opinion; nor are they ever at rest till they have married all their young acquaintance; who find too often that the inviting picture held out to them, is all deception: If they complain to their advisers, the only consolation is, 'Poh! we all went through the same before you; it is impossible to be perfectly happy.' But, however, I have a better opinion of Mrs. Williams, than of many others." Poor Lucy blushed, and answered, that she was fatigued with her walk, and vexed at having spent her time so idly; and so no more was said; but there were other matters which had put the young lady so out of spirits: This Mrs. Williams, who was a widow of no inconsiderable fortune, was one of the greatest coquets imaginable, had artfully got the secret of Lucy's regard for Sir Hugh Owen, out of her, and, with a malevolence too often actuating the sex, had contrived to pique her:

her: Knowing she was to visit her this day, and Sir Hugh was to dine with a gentleman at Kidwelly, her next door neighbour, with whom she was very free, she contrived matters so, that they should pass through her garden, in Lucy's sight, which was by an invitation from herself to her neighbour, to survey its elegance, as indeed it was one of the most beautiful in that part of the country: She affectedly went herself to attend them, leaving Lucy in an apartment from which she could see all that passed, and played off her artillery so well that Sir Hugh, naturally complaisant, and finding she liked admiration, returned her many and particular compliments, whilst she with agreeable freedom traversed the several alleys, with her arm sometimes round his arm and sometimes round his companions, never once mentioning what guest she had within, though she excused herself from an invitation, on account of some particular company. Lucy, though wild with jealousy, preserved her decorum so much as not to expose herself, at this tormenting scene; but now, for the first time, found her happiness disturbed: Her colour went and came, she blushed, she turned pale alternately, and wished all the plagues she could think of,

upon the widow's head, but when that artful slut came in to her, and perceived how her poison had operated, she added to her disturbance, by telling her, in a gay manner, all the fine things Sir Hugh had said to her, and many more that he never had said, and mischievously and falsely added, that the Baronet had asked leave to pay his addressee to her: "But my dear," continued she, "I despise the false sex, and knowing your value for him, and the seeming regard he has paid you, I gave him no encouragement." This was too much; Lucy, believing all she said to be fact, looked most piteously, her bosom beat quick with resentment, and at length the hoarded tears trickled from her eyes, which gave the malignant fair-one complete satisfaction, whilst she outwardly expressed the utmost concern, that she had told her so much. This was the cause of that absence of thought and lowness of spirits she discovered at her first entrance, and of a resolution she had formed of reproaching Sir Hugh, the next time he visited her.

The day was no sooner discovered, by the gilded horizon, than the Orphan, rose and prepared himself for his journey, having received his instructions, and taken his
leave

leave of all his friends the preceding night. At eight, after he had taken a short repast, he set out in one of the sereneest and finest mornings that ever gladdened the face of nature: He enjoyed all the gay profusion of the gifts of providence, that were scattered around him, as he rode along, with a grateful and pious mind: Sometimes he exulted in the happiness his message would produce to Mrs. Jones and his dear Lucy, and rejoiced in the thoughts of their approaching meeting: Then again he reflected over what had occurred the day before, and the expressions he had heard from the genteel cottagers. “Sure that *most generous of human beings*—that *guardian angel*—that *benefactress*, says he, must be the charming Miss Thomas; who else busies herself to find out the haunts of distress and wretchedness?” This thought pleasingly employed him the greatest part of his journey to Carmarthen; his imagination dressed the lovely maid in all her charms of mind and person; he sighed at his melancholy fate, which had shut him out from all hope of possessing so much excellence; yet some minutes he flattered himself it was not impossible; he painted in bewitching colours a union with so many virtues; but the dreary cloud of despair

spair soon repressed those fond aspiring thoughts.

He arrived at Carmarthen about half an hour after ten, and alighting at a friend's of Mr. Goldsmith's, adjusted his dress, and being directed to Mrs. Jones's, was told they were at breakfast: He sent up word by the servant, who curiously surveyed him, that he had a message to deliver from Mr. Goldsmith, and waited her return in a parlour below stairs, into which he had been shewn. The maid delivered her message, and at the same time said, "Lord, madam, you never saw such a beautiful gentleman in your life!" Mr. Jones ran down stairs in a great hurry, and, after saluting him with much respect, eying him from head to heel, insisted he should go up with him and breakfast; the Orphan accepted his invitation with that winning complaisance which was sufficient to captivate every one, and following him entered the room where his old enemy sat at the tea-table, not without running over in his mind all he had heard of her. At his entrance, she rose, and fixing her eyes stedfastly upon him, seemed silently, for a moment, to run over his person and features in a very inquisitive manner, and then excused herself for the disorder

der of her dress, which she again and again adjusted, and said, "I hope sir, my cousin is in health?"—"I have not seen him this morning, madam, he returned; but last night he was well and happy, surrounded by his old friends, my uncle and aunt, and Mr. Jenkins, and enjoying the pleasures of conversation." "Come, come, my dear," interrupted Jones, "no more questions, till after breakfast; let the gentleman refresh himself."

Breakfast over, during which Mrs Jones seldom took her eyes off, save when his looks met her's, she desired to know her cousin's commands. "Madam," returned he, "he desires his kind love to you and Mr. Jones, (fixing his eyes upon her as he spoke) and as he has engaged his friends to accept of a little social banquet to-morrow, begs that you and your spouse would honour him with your company also, having some matters to impart to you, which he is confident will give you the most sensible satisfaction: He beseeches you to banish all strangeness; to come to his house with the same freedom you used to do, and esteem him your affectionate relation and warmest friend. I was charged also with the compliments of my uncle and aunt, Mr. Lloyd and his lady, Mr. Jenkins and
Mrs.

Mrs. Julian, who hope to be made happy by your company."

Mr. Jones, quite transported with this cordial message from his cousin, took the Orphan by the hand, and giving him an hearty squeeze, cried out, "We will certainly be there at dinner-time; I would sooner lose a venture than refuse my good cousin's invitation, or affront so amiable a messenger by non-compliance. Is Mr. Lloyd your uncle, Sir, my old and valued friend?" "Yes, Sir," Goldsmith replied, "though I consider him and my aunt as parents; their tenderness to me entitles them to that consideration; but in placing me with Mr. Goldsmith they have bestowed upon me an invaluable favour: He has adorned and opened my mind with wisdom and truth; he has been more than a parent to an Orphan who lost his parents as soon almost as he was born: Happy I think myself that I can repay in some respects, his goodness, by endeavouring to solace his lonely hours, which for many years, after a melancholy loss, continued to hang heavy upon him. I have heard, Sir, you have a son, a young gentleman Mr. Goldsmith always mentions with affection, and tells me he will recommend me to the friendship of, as soon as he comes from

from London; it would be the height of my ambition to deserve it, as well as that of yourself and your lady, for whom I have conceived a tender regard."

Mrs. Jones and her husband gazed as if they would have looked him through, whilst he was, with his usual graceful air, expressing himself thus: The words *Orphan, melancholy loss*, penetrated to the very bottom of the former's soul; she coloured, her bosom heaved with sighs, and the tears fell plentifully from her eyes; to conceal them she ran to her closet, and there flinging herself upon a couch gave a full loose to her sorrows; at the same time fancying somewhat very mysterious both in the message and messenger. Mean time her husband returned the kind speech of the Orphan, in the most grateful terms he could, told him he soon expected his son from London, who had been greatly obliged to his cousin for many real and important favours, and that his cementing a friendship with so virtuous and good a youth would greatly delight him: "I hope, Sir," added he, "my wife's visible disorder will not give you pain, poor woman, she has felt herself, for many years, the melancholy loss you hinted at, the particulars of which, you are no doubt acquainted with."

He

He was going on, when Mrs. Jones, having recovered herself, came again into the apartment, excused, as well as she could, her disorder, and assured him she would wait upon her cousin at noon the next day, and gave her kind love to him; "and I hope," continued she, "that yourself will be one of the company: The sight of you has affected me with a pleasing pain; but I can never see you too often."

The Orphan replied in the warmest expressions of regard, and they would have detained him to dinner; but he excusing himself on account of further business, they both waited upon him to the door, signifying their wishes, that whenever he came to Carmarthen, he would make their house his home.

He now bent his course to Brinmult, after engaging Mr. Price to set off, upon the first notice of his assistance being necessary, for that place, and pleased with the effects of his visit, and his pre-concerted speech at Mrs. Jones's, which was intended as a trial whether she yet retained a due sense of her loss, and if she was in a proper temper to receive as a blessing her long lost daughter. Mr. Goldsmith had also another, though a private, view in sending his son with the message that lady:

He

He was in hopes it would prepossess them so in his favour, that they would the more readily fall into his scheme of an union between him and Lucy: Nor was he mistaken, they were full of his praises, and his mien and his address were the subject of their conversation for the remaining part of the day. As to any serious affair between Sir Hugh Owen and Lucy, he had never divined such a thing, looking upon his visits to his house, as made with no other intent than amusement, as he seemed to take as much pleasure in his own and his son's conversation. This caution Sir Hugh observed, having heard that the young Lady was destined for his new friend, both from the hints of Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Goldsmith himself, who treated him as his good nature and virtue deserved, with freedom and confidence: However he had not been so very nice as to neglect any opportunity of interesting the young lady in his favour, seeming fully convinced of the old adage, *that in love and war all advantages are lawful*. He had gone through a course of wishing, sighing, and ogling, and at last brought her to a declaration that he was not indifferent to her. Thus matters were situated when the widow Williams played Lucy the aforementioned trick,

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the event of which we shall soon perceive. Sir Hugh now gave over aspiring after the happiness of an union with Miss Thomas: He was not naturally of a deep and penetrating understanding, and, as before observed, the deficiency of his education, which he well knew, made him timid and diffident. He was ever under embarrassment when before Miss Thomas, dreaded he should say somewhat absurd, and her exalted sense kept him in a kind of disagreeable awe: But the light and easy behaviour of Lucy, her standard of ability being pretty nearly on a par with his own, he addressed her with freedom, and thought her more proper for his wife; and beside, her lovely person had really charmed him. He had several times mentioned to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd his regard for Miss Lucy; but they never as yet had entered into discourse with him particularly on that head; therefore he was still at a loss about her parents, fortune, and other matters, not unnecessary to be known on such occasions: But to return to our adventurer.

He, full of thought, and as full of humanity, soon arrived at Brinmult, and not staying a moment there, rode through towards the cottage, even without first calling

ing

ing at his friend's the grazier's; but how great was his surprise, when he found the door fast, and repeated knockings procured no answer from within: He rode round and round the hovel and garden, and found all locked safe, and not a living creature any where: At first, so astonished he was, he did not recollect the circumstance of his having left the grazier's servant with the sick person; but the moment it darted into his mind, he soon measured the distance to his house, where he was received with an air that signified they had somewhat important to tell him. He eagerly asked his friend if his servant was in the way, and by what magic a person at the point of death almost, could be so suddenly removed? The grazier called his servant, after desiring Mr. Goldsmith to sit down in his parlour, who delivered him the following letter:

“ Generous Stranger,

The excellent lady, our friend, having visited us a few hours after your departure, occasioned by my sending a messenger to acquaint her with my wife's condition, thanks to heaven and your exalted goodness, we found her this morning, in a condition to be moved to our benefac-

treſs's abode, which is not far diſtant—You have ſerved, Sir, perſons who will ever bear the moſt grateful remembrance of your invaluable favours, and wiſh you had not left orders with the ſervant to conceal your name and addreſs, that I might, in perſon have waited upon you with my thanks. You have reſtored to life, a perſon, in whom mine was bound up, and in ſuch a manner as beſpeaks you to be ſuperior to any acknowledgments I can make. But as the ſame humanity you expreſſed yeſterday, may induce you again to viſit us, I leave theſe few lines to inform you, of our preſent reſidence, which is at the houſe of Sir Trevor Thomas, at Ithin Duon. Favour us, excellent youth, with a viſit there, and what I want in ability to repay your goodneſs, will, I know, be ſupplied by the beſt and moſt virtuous lady that ever exiſted.

I am, Sir,

Your eternally obliged,

Saturday 9 o'clock.

humble ſervant,

JAMES MANLEY."

Never

Never was embarrassment equal to the Orphan's upon perusing this epistle; his heart beat high at the mention of Miss Thomas, but his prudential regard to his father, and the danger he must inevitably run in such an interview, combated strongly in his mind against visiting Ithin Duon, and perhaps would have conquered all his soft and tender longings to see, once more, that paragon of her sex, if what his friend urged in favour of his going there had not at last determined him thereto. He informed him that the gentleman had told his servant, that if he had not the pleasure of seeing him at Sir Trevor's, he would pay into his hands, the money left with him, and what else he was indebted to his goodness; but hoped he should have the honour of seeing you to-day in person; "and, Sir," added he, "I am sure you will account it a greater pleasure than perhaps you ever met with, to see my good landlord and his charming daughter, who I believe has no equal."

He could resist no longer, and at once resolved to follow the dictates of his heart, under a self-approving consciousness that he was acting right, and that it would look like rudeness and brutality to refuse such an invitation. He asked his friend if he

knew any thing of this Mr. Manly, and how long he had been an inhabitant of that cottage? "Why, Sir," he returned, "all I know of him is, that about three years since he took that tenement of a steward of Sir Trevor's: It was then almost untenable, the last possessor having very unjustly, being a debauched, idle fellow, almost reduced it to ruins. It soon began to wear another face, and, in the whole county, as you may have observed, there is not a neater, prettier spot. At first, as they were known to no-body, and their dress and manner was superior to their neighbours, besides that they kept very private, many conjectures were formed about them, not without certain jeers and insinuations, common with the country people, when they see any thing in persons they cannot account for; but for some time past our young landlady having been their frequent visitor, they have been looked upon with another eye, and every one if they met them, shewed them the most profound respect: For whoever she esteems, is immediately viewed by all the tenants with an affectionate regard and veneration. This is all I can tell you concerning them, save that he has been overheard to play on the violin and German

man flute, by passengers, in a manner that discovereth the hand of a master. I take them to be unfortunate persons of consideration ; from thence, retired and solitary ; but not from an unsociable disposition, or pride."

The Orphan, now resolved upon riding over to the Baronet's, would have rewarded the servant ; but she modestly excused herself, and pulling out a crown piece, said Miss Thomas had made her accept of it, against her will ; that she thought it too great a reward for the little pains she had taken ; " but" conveying it to her mouth and kissing it, " I will keep it as long as I live, continued she, for the sake of that dear lady." " And, pray, Mrs. Dorothy," saith Goldsmith laughing, " why shan't. I give you something to preserve me a place in your memory too ? See here is a crown piece, a fellow to that, let me beseech you to accept it."—The girl dropped a low courtsey, and taking it respectfully, also conveyed it to her mouth, and kissed it, then clapping the two pieces together, said, " And please God, I will keep them both together, and may the givers be one day as close to each other.—What a fine couple would that be, such a beautiful young

young gentleman and lady, and so full of goodness!"

Her master clapped her upon the shoulder, and said she was a good girl, and that he hoped she would be a true prophetess: The young gentleman blushed at her honest, blunt speech; but thanked her for her good wishes, in which his heart could not help concurring, and mounting his horse, set out, with gentle pace, for Sir Trevor's mansion, which was not above a mile and a quarter distant.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Visit at Ithin Duon.

AS he rode on, he found himself unusually affected; his blood flowed in swift currents to his heart, and then retired as swiftly; his bosom heaved with transport, and again a cloud of despair depressed him. In one moment he painted the amiable Susanna in all her valuable and shining traits, and the next the idea of his friend and patron, uneasy, unhappy, and disappointed, struck his imagination with terror: Thus his bosom laboured till Sir Trevor's ancient turreted mansion appeared in sight. Already he beheld the sun's beams glistening upon the illuminated windows, and soon heard the bell ring the family to their noon's repast. Would this perturbation of spirits have permitted him, he must have surveyed with pleasure the beauties that the scene before him abounded with: Two small branches of the river Tave, flowed on each side the house and wide extended park, and rolled in the meandring currents through a garden and orchard, rich with the shining gifts of
Flora

Flora and Pomona; all which might be seen from the hill before the house, which was situated in a bottom, the inclosures covering three other surrounding hills. From the hill he descended thro' a road of gentle declivity, planted on each side with lime trees, and terminating at the massy gates, before which was a spacious canal, and over it a bridge; the house and court yard inclosed with a thick high wall, which, when he was in the bottom, entirely concealed the interior buildings.

As soon as he arrived at the gate, he rang the bell, which the huge mastiff within, by an alarming howl joined in, to give notice within. After a minute or two, the porter, sleek and fat, waddled to the gate, and opening it, with a reverend bow, dictated by Mr. Goldsmith's genteel person and appearance, inquired his business. "I should be glad, friend, if you would acquaint one Mr. Manley, who arrived here this morning, that a person wants to speak to him." He bowed again, desired he would walk into the lodge, and he would send a servant with the message, which he did, and taking the horse out of his hand, ordered another to put him into the stable. He had not remained in the lodge above ten minutes, when the hall doors were flung

flung open, and he was met in the court yard by Mr. Manly, whose garb seemed much altered for the better. Before he could salute him, that gentleman flung his arms about the Orphan's neck, embraced him, and exclaimed, "Most generous of men! My preserver and saviour—this condescension still doubles my obligation! Come, my benefactor, let me lead you to my friends, who long to see so much worth! My Maria too, shall thank you for her life—for mine!" His extacy was too great to permit the Orphan to make any return; he perfectly pulled him into the house, nor left him a moment till he brought him into the presence of Sir Trevor. The baronet was much recovered of his gout, and was sitting with some books of account before him; but no sooner our hero had paid his compliments, and he fixed his eyes upon him, than holding out both his hands, he shook those of the Orphan with a heartiness that proceeded from his joy: "What," says he, "do I see you, Sir, at last, after having so long wished that happiness!—And by such an accident!—I am transported!—Amiable youth, I find then your soul is allied to your person!—How happy you make me!" Manley stood surprised, and staring at them,

them, whilst the young gentleman returned, " Sir Trevor, I have long been anxious for an opportunity of paying my respects to you; but Mr. Goldsmith's situation has hitherto prevented that happiness: You have always preserved, with your excellent daughter, the warmest place in my esteem: a heaven-taught esteem, from the first moment I beheld you: Since I have learned that to love Sir Trevor and Miss Thomas, is to be enamoured of genuine virtue and goodness, of unbounded benevolence, and of exalted benignity."

Mr. Manley, charmed with what he saw and heard, was stealing away with an account of this strange meeting to the ladies; but Sir Trevor stopped him short, saying, " not a step, Sir; you shall not move—I myself will introduce this gentleman, and surprise the ladies, if I can hobble so far: You may stand aloof, and with me reap the pleasure their mutual surprise will give you. Sukey will know him at once, and so will Mrs. Manley, from the late circumstance; but each will be somewhat astonished, to see him one and the same person; but ring the bell—Have you dined, Sir?" " I have, Sir, taken some refreshment at Brimmult, and beg to be excused." However the honest baronet ordered some
cakes

cakes and wine to be brought, drank his health and that of all friends near Kidwelly, in a bumper, and made him and Mr. Manly do the same. "And now," says he, "we will attempt our journey." It was with some difficulty that he could proceed, by the help of a footman and the Orphan, who insisted upon his bearing one arm upon his; but at last they got up stairs without being heard, and traversed several grand antique apartments till they came to that where Mrs. Manley and Miss Thomas were sitting, which was her own anti-chamber, hung with curious hangings, worked by her mamma, and looked into the garden. The noise made at the door had now alarmed them, upon which it was opened by her maid, who cried out—"Madam! madam! here's your papa!"

At this instant Sir Trevor and his attendant entered, followed by Manly, at some distance, but out of sight, the footman being discharged before: "Dear Sir," Miss said, and was going to blame her father for venturing so far who sat down in an armed chair, when she discovered a person who had never been absent from her mind: A crimson glow adorned her face, and the Orphan now disengaged,

his spirits fluttering, and his face all suffused with blushes, approached her with somewhat above respect, with reverence, as she stood in the attitude of wonder and astonishment, in which she had been arrested by his appearance. For a moment or two words were suspended, whilst their admiring eyes mutually ran over each others personal perfections: At length, he ventured to say, in the softest accent, "Miss, pardon this intrusion, and permit me to lay myself at your feet—if—:" He had opportunity to proceed no further; for the other lady perfectly screamed out—"Gracious heaven!—Is this lovely youth known to our friends—who with such condescending goodness and charity succoured and restored me so lately to life!—Is it possible I am so happy!" This drew the attention of both upon herself—he bowed—Miss held up her hands in an extacy of astonishment—whilst Sir Trevor, with a benign and pleased aspect, contemplated the scene, and Manley advanced into the room to reap the same satisfaction. It was necessary, to put matters into a proper train, that somebody should now speak, which the Orphan attempted again, directing his discourse first to Mrs. Manly, and then to Miss Thomas: "Oh! Madam, you make a

merit of what was my duty as a man and a christian; pleased, charmed to the last degree am I, that I could be of any service to a lady so deserving of all my attention: But is it any surprise that in the neighbourhood of this excellent family, under the influence of this darling of heaven and of nature, breathing the same air, one should be inspired with the same dispositions? May I perish when I turn away from the complaint, when I afford not a tear to the distresses of my fellow-creatures? But, Madam, you, you have bestowed health and happiness on me, you have introduced me to this worthy family: through your means I am permitted the happiness to approach this lady, whose virtues have been ever my contemplation and my theme, and whom but to see is happiness."

The air with which these words were spoken, was infinitely more emphatical than the words themselves; the look cast on Miss Thomas, said a thousand tender things, and joy, fear, and diffidence, alternately displayed themselves in his countenance: Had a Lambert, a Highmore, been present, what a subject the scene would have afforded!—Miss Thomas, catching every sound of his voice, looking

upon him with glowing pleasure, her face roseated with succeeding blushes, and her eyes, as it were, devouring the accomplished youth, and ever and anon, when they met with his, modestly bent to the ground; Mrs. Manley, weak as she was, running him over with grateful fondness, and still more from what she now observed; Mr. Manley, impatient to renew his thanks and carasses; and Sir Trevor, like a connoisseur, passing a mental judgment upon the fine figure the young couple made together, and transported at the whole prospect before him.

Such a scene, however, could not last long: and the Baronet first made a proposal that every one should be seated: "And now, Sir, let me once more bid you a hearty welcome to Ithin Duon, where you have long been a desired guest: Indeed I was much mortified I had not seen you; but perhaps your liking of us, was transient and momentary, and we were soon forgotten; for I perceive we owe this visit solely to your late adventure; on which account I want words sufficiently to praise you, and, vain as I am of my daughter's goodness, I must acknowledge she has a rival in benevolence in you." (Miss Thomas blushed anew, and bowed) "These
worthy

worthy persons are now under my care and protection, (I tell it you, because I know you feel intimately for the unfortunate) and they had a title thereto long ago, could I have discovered where they were situated: Little did I think they were tenants on my estate: But of that hereafter: You will hear their story another time. I now want to know only, how long we can have the pleasure of your valuable society; and as the worthy Goldsmith's benefit has been the cause of our being so unhappy as not to see you before, though we have often heard of you by Sir Hugh Owen, I shall admit that excuse, and say no more on that head."

"Your Goodness, Sir," replied the youth, "covers me with confusion; and yet I must sincerely say your advantageous opinion of me gives me the greatest satisfaction. If I was at first sight impelled to venerate you and your amiable daughter, to wish and long to make myself worthy your notice; how was that desire increased when from every tongue in this principality I heard your transcendent worth and goodness. I could not fail, from my temper being in the same unison, of reverencing you, and perfectly adoring that bright example of her sex and country: But my

gratitude to Mr. Goldsmith, to whom I have more obligations than ever son had to a parent, bound me so to his side, that in the transaction of his honoured commands, I could not have time to gratify the longings of my soul. I have now the supreme felicity of being under your hospitable roof; indeed by an accident the most fortunate imaginable; and happy am I that I see the worthy Mr. Manley and his lady blessed in your friendship. I had a commission from Mr. Goldsmith to a relation at Carmarthen, which brought me again this way; but had that not been the case, my anxiety to see my new friends, would have called me their cottage: I came to offer all the assistance to them, that Mr. Goldsmith, and my uncle and aunt could afford, and a safe asylum at St. Ismael; forgetting they were within the very bounds of hospitality itself: I am concerned that I can have the felicity of enjoying the company I so much admire but for a few hours, my presence being necessary, on a particular occasion, at St. Ismael; but with your permission, I will, Sir, renew my visit as often as possible, and endeavour to form myself from such illustrious example."

"As the time is so short, then, we will
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enjoy it as befits such a guest: I accept your promise, returned Sir Trevor, and believe me you shall here find all the respect and tenderness of a parent—think yourself at home, whenever you are here—I love you, and I cannot help telling you so: You are like ourselves, and when sentiments and manners agree, the strictest union must be the consequence: When I am well, we will make many a tour to the good Mr. Goldsmith's whose character I honour, and to my old friend's, Mr. Lloyd, as worthy a gentleman as any in Wales, and hope we shall be more amicable and united than we have ever been: I suppose, Sir, you have been to Mrs. Jones, whose cruel usage of an adopted child of your friend, and her consequent loss of her daughter, is an old story amongst us."

A conversation ensued, which was supported on all sides with spirit and good sense; and if the Orphan convinced all present, still more of the value of his understanding and his heart, he drank deep of the soft passion that had inspired him, and it was late before he could recollect how far he had to ride: When he signified his intention to depart, he threw a blank over the faces of the company, and Miss Thomas whispered her father, that as it was
so

so late it was not improper one of the servants should see him safe home: "Ah! my child," replied her father, aloud and laughing, "I must betray you—I see by your attention to this gentleman's safety, you are not willing to venture the loss of his company by any accident." He then told them his daughter's request—she blushed, and offered to explain herself; but faltered so much, as to make it visible what an interest she took in his safety. The Orphan, however, politely refused the offer, and continued, "Oh! my dear Lady, as living in your favour will always constitute the supreme enjoyment of my life, your amiable concern for me shall render me still more careful of myself. I shall now guard myself as a sacred deposit for you, and when I cease to deserve your esteem, I must cease to exist. No dangers can befall the man that is blessed by your approbation and good wishes." "Then, Sir, I must own, with the same openness, that I find I shall ever be concerned for your welfare, and that my respect for you is only inferior to that I have for the best of parents."

Such declarations would, in some situations, have afforded matter for censure; but here, where freedom, honour, and sincerity

cerity presided, every auditor was delighted: The father, and the friend, and his wife, said, in their hearts, as they affectionately gazed upon them—sure they were formed for each other.—They all insisted upon seeing him mount; he was embraced by Mr. Manley and Sir Trevor a fresh; and by the adieus of the young gentleman and lady, it was evident to what an height a noble and disinterested passion may rise even in a short time.

Had he heard the encomiums bestowed upon his person, his good sense and knowledge, after his departure, it would have wounded his modesty to the quick, particularly from the lips of beauty itself: “Ah! my Child,” Sir Trevor concluded, with remarkable gravity—“I have lived to see a youth worthy of sharing thy heart—ah! may I see you united before I die. to just as much worth and virtue as he possesses; then shall I be sure my angel will pass the rest of her days with comfort, and find honour, friendship and affection to protect her, when I am no more.” The tears stood in the eyes of Miss Thomas, at these words, and throwing her arms round the neck of this honoured parent, she prayed he might long live to protect her himself, and to receive those tender offices
she

she should ever be most ambitious of performing to him; thanked him for his kind wishes in her favour, and observed, in which they all joined, that this young gentleman possessed so many respectable qualities, as must make every one his friend that knew him.

The Orphan carried away with him a passion, now increased to a height that alarmed him; He ran over the perfections of Miss Thomas, with a fondness inexpressible; wished, and yet despaired of indulging the thought of making so much virtue his own: "Ah!" he cried, "why, why, am I a stranger to my real parents! Why must gratitude, that noble propensity of the human soul, be set in opposition to the purest, most refined, and heaven-taught affection! Can such a contest exist?—alas! it does, and I am wretched!—But let me not complain—let me act as religion and reason dictate—let me enjoy the friendship of these amiable persons, and conceal the flame that is kindled in my breast—let me honestly own my unfortunate situation before I excite a soft sensation in the lovely maid—It is justice, it is honour requires it of me—What then?—if her exalted understanding overlooks those circumstances; then is my preserver, my patron, my father,

ther, made unhappy—and unhappy by me—the child of his bounty—Heaven shield me from the thought!—Yet is he not generous and upright—does he not in every thing consult my happiness—can it be better secured than by an union with the woman my soul approves? Let me bring him acquainted with her virtues—he must soon be of my sentiments—But Lucy,—what of her?—Is she not sued to by Sir Hugh Owen—may not a match with him leave me at liberty, and offend neither gratitude or love—on that side alone comfort lies—Oh! father of mercies, hear my prayer—make the lovely Lucy happy—and preserve me from wounding my honour, my gratitude, and from prostituting my heart!

Thus he involved himself in a mazy labyrinth of ideas, from which he had not the power to extricate himself, till the sight of St. Ismael tenderly reminded him of the dear friends he was going to enjoy the society of. They rejoiced at his arrival, having been in some pain for his long stay; and Lucy soon after retiring to her chamber, he gave them an account of the success of his commission to Mrs. Jones, which caused much pleasure: He then also related to them his visit to the cottage, his consequent visit at Ithin Duon, and concealed

cealed no circumstance but what had passed in his own mind : In his praises of the baronet and his daughter, he endeavoured to speak with a modest unconstrained air, only dwelling upon their virtues, and his very distinguished reception by them, with their respectful mention of Mr. Goldsmith and Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Goldsmith looked grave, but could find no room to be alarmed, and joined with his friend in expressing his acknowledgments to Sir Trevor. They then settled the manner of making the discovery the next day, and went to their repose full of the pleasure they should impart to Mrs. Jones, her husband and daughter.

The whole family was up very early, and Lucy was told to dress herself with more care than ordinary, as Mr. Goldsmith expected some very particular guests. One o'clock came, and all the actors having their parts, they waited only for the Jones's, young Goldsmith having conducted Mrs. Jenkins already to the house who thought herself honoured by the invitation ; but was strangely surprised at hearing Mrs. Jones was to be there. At two Mr. Jones and his lady arrived ; Mr. Goldsmith and the Orphan received them at their alighting, and the former embraced her very affectionately, and told her he

was

was obliged to her for her company. She trembled, and turned pale two or three times, but recovered herself; the Orphan led her into the parlour, where she was received in the politest manner, by all the company, who studied to chase away the confusion and embarrassment that so visibly affected her countenance and actions. Lucy was ordered not to appear till after dinner, when she was introduced as just come home from a visit, and therefore was to dine in her chamber. After some time Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Jones fell into close confabulation; and the former bid her observe that amiable creature, as she stiled the Orphan, and asked her if ever she saw a more accomplished youth: "Take my word," says she, "Mrs. Jones, he is a favourite of heaven—and so religious and so pious!—though brought up in latitudinarian principles—but he'll see his error—the elect can never be long unlightened."

C H A P. III.

A great disappointment.

NOTICE being given that dinner was upon the table, they adjourned to the dining-room, and seated themselves. Their banquet was seasoned with decent mirth; but Mrs. Jones was thoughtful and silent, though every method was practised to cheer her spirits. The cloth removed, and the glasses and bottles on the table, Mrs. Julian was called out by one of the servants, and whispered Billy, who followed her. They returned in a few minutes, he leading Lucy by the hand, and then seating her opposite her mother, who seemed to eye her with much attention, as Lucy did her and her husband, because they were strangers she had not seen before. The air of mystery all this was conducted with, somewhat surprised Mrs. Jones, and whispering Mrs. Jenkins, who was placed beside her, she asked who that fine young lady was. "Why," answered she, "she is Mrs. Lloyd's kinswoman they say, and has been a boarder here for two or three years. She is a fine girl to be sure;

sure: but light and airy, as I have heard—You know I have mentioned her to you before.” “Ah! Madam,” Mrs. Jones returned, “my poor Lucy would have had such features—would have been about her age—oh! my bleeding heart!”

These words were over-heard, though spoken very low; upon which Mr. Goldsmith addressing his cousin, said, “Madam, I now am determined to put an end to all your sorrows.”—Here, by a nod from Mrs. Lloyd, Lucy and Billy left the room. “You remember, though so many years since, the unfortunate loss of our children (Mrs. Jones attended with her eyes fixed on Mr. Goldsmith, and Mrs. Jenkins, with gaping mouth, full of wonder at the discourse): Providence will soon, I hear, restore them to us, and by the very hands that bereft us of them.” Upon this he rang the bell, the folding doors were thrown open; Mrs. Penry, decently apparelled, came in, followed by Billy, leading Lucy (who was in a perfect twitter to know what all this parade meant, and behind them Penry’s three children, now at man’s estate, and, to close the whole, Deborah Price. Mrs. Jones did not remember Penry’s face, till she came near her, which she did, and taking Lucy by the hand, said,

“Madam, receive your daughter—Miss, kneel to your mamma!”

A flash of lightning could not have transfixed Mrs. Jones more forcibly, have deprived her of sensation sooner than these words and the sight of Mrs. Penry: She screamed out, and fell back in her chair, in most violent convulsions, out of which it was a long time before she was recovered: Mean time Mr. Jones raised his daughter, embraced her, and told her he was proud of having such a child; but neither the surprise, or the condition of her mother, seemed to touch Lucy: She had been so many years from her, and so affectionately used by Mrs. Penry, Mrs. Julian, and Mr. Goldsmith, that she viewed all these matters with a kind of a *sang-froid*, that perfectly astonished that gentleman, who had a high opinion of the force of sympathy and natural affection, and was therefore puzzled at her situation of mind: She did, indeed, in common with the other women, assist in recovering her mother; but every moment turned to Mrs. Lloyd or Mrs. Julian, saying, “how can it be my mother? How could she live so near me and never see me before: In short, I don’t understand it” However, when Mrs. Jones came a little to herself,
her

her eyes found her out, and calling her to her, she hung upon her neck and wept bitterly, which did, to all appearance, affect her. But it was easy to perceive that, upon the whole, she was as little or less concerned than some of the spectators, particularly Billy, down whose cheeks the tears ran very plentifully, and who perfectly sobbed, he was so greatly moved at the scene; which caused Mrs. Lloyd to whisper him,—“ Ah! my worthy youth, thy heart can feel even for thy enemies.” This burst of sorrow somewhat allayed, Mrs. Jones looked at Penry, and said, “ And who are these? are these all your children?” not imagining that poor Billy was there, or else not caring to mention him: But Mrs. Penry suffered her not to remain uninformed, “ These three, madam, are those you have seen prowling about my cottage, and this,” pointing to the Orphan, “ is the lovely babe you intrusted with me, at the same time you left Miss Lucy: See, Madam, he lives to be the darling of every heart, and the praise of every tongue, and long may he live to merit your friendship.” At this conclusion, he advanced to Mrs. Jones, very politely kissed her hand, and hoped she would afford him a place in her esteem.

Here was another stroke that strangely confounded our philosopher: It was easy to perceive she felt no satisfaction; nay, discovered a kind of horror at the sight, of him, perfectly shuddering when he approached her; though now, quite come to herself, she endeavoured to conceal it. "Ah! my friend, Mr. Jenkins whispered, Goldsmith, how are we deceived! I can perceive this woman is no sincere penitent—where are those transports we expected, upon seeing the object of her crime and punishment safe and happy, and herself free from the guilt of having exposed him to wretchedness? I don't read the human heart aright neither, if her violent perturbations at the sight of her daughter, are a proof of her affection: In short, mother and daughter are too much alike, I fear, though in this scene they have acted their parts so differently; and I will venture to assert, that the surprise, and the eyes of the company, cast her into the condition we have seen, and not natural affection or remorse."

"I will not yet determine," returned Mr. Goldsmith, "but at present I must lean a little to your opinion; tho' I think, had Lucy been before told of her adventures, she would have been more affected:

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But, my son!—see if he is not bursting with sorrow, and behold an occurrence, that sets Mr. Jones in a more advantageous light, than ever I beheld him before.” Indeed all the company were pleased with it—As Billy was standing in the attitude already mentioned, after looking earnestly at him for some minutes, he suddenly, and shedding tears, caught him in his arm, and exclaimed, what my new acquaintance—and wert thou the child that caused us so much uneasiness? What a providence has preserved thee to delight every one that knows thee!—I protest my own children are not dearer to me than thou wilt be for the residue of my life!—“Sir,” the other replied, it shall always be my study to deserve your favour, and since I love that young lady as a sister, and have been bred up with her, I think I have some claim to your affection.” They were interrupted by Mr. Goldsmith, who told Mr. Jones, that he greatly obliged him, and that he took his regard for his son, as paid to himself.

Thus, after so much expectation of sublime and great effects from this discovery, the matter ended; but not so with Mr. Goldsmith, who thus addressed Mrs. Jones and her husband. “Now you perceive,
cousins,

cousins, how this matter has been conducted; these children have been privately brought up, their minds adorned with useful knowledge, and they may now be said to be the ornaments of their sex. I shall enter no further into the matter at present—another opportunity, when we three are alone, will be better. I shall grieve at parting with my dear Lucy; but your right to the comfort of her society and endearing attendance, I can no longer dispute. You receive her from me, such as you could wish her to be, and I hope she will never depart from the principles she has imbibed, or the maxims, that have wisely been inculcated to her. Let us praise and bless the divine Being, who has thus brought good out of evil—Praised be his holy name for ever and ever!—And now, my dear friends and neighbours, let us rejoice and be cheerful; no more dwell upon what may afflict us, but upon those blessings we have received from heaven. And let the fortune of these two children, so evidently the care of providence, teach uncharitable bigotry and idle superstition (looking at Mrs. Jenkins) more modestly than to arrogate to themselves a power of reading, what God has concealed from every human being. The Almighty, with

an equal eye regards all his creatures: Our Redeemer ordained we should exercise the reason that was given us, and he that believeth in him, and *doeth the will of the Father*, is intitled to the happiness bestowed on the saints in heaven. But to imagine there are a select number elected to salvation, be their actions ever so contrary to virtue; and that all the rest of mankind are the sons of perdition, is impious, blasphemous, and uncharitable, affronts the divine Majesty in his attributes, and is productive of the worst consequences to society. Where these bigots, as often happens, have ignorant persons to deal with, what disorders would their whimsical dogmas produce! Parents might be alienated from their children, children from their parents, because, forsooth, they were not sealed with the mark of grace: Yet haply, they often betray their own folly; for I have known a man who has been a babe of perdition in his infancy, in his youth, by the same lips, not knowing him again, pronounced a child of grace—Horrid, abominable inconsistency!”—Mrs. Jenkins well knew this was directed to her, and held down her head in the utmost confusion, to the great diversion of the company: But the Orphan took compassion of
her

her, and by every attention in his power endeavoured to re-assure her, which she took so kindly, that it almost smoothed her severe brow: Nay, Goldsmith himself, after giving her this severe check, studied to make every thing agreeable to her. Mrs. Jones could be no company the remainder of the day, nor condescended to ask Mrs. Penry or Mrs. Julian any questions, and it was plain to every body that she was angry with all the instruments of her late and present mortifications: But her husband continued to conciliate the affections of every one; he returned thanks to Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Julian, and Mrs. Penry and calling the latter aside, put a paper with ten guineas into her hand, as a mark of his future remembrance, and gave five guineas to Deborah Price, who was now become an old maid.

The whole company staid at St. Ismael that night, where they had accommodations for as many more, and the next morning Goldsmith going into Mrs. Jones's apartment, made her acquainted with the whole of the management, for so many years, relative to the two children, and concluded with an important charge to fortify her daughter in a course of virtue and goodness; "and you will see I shall

not fail on every occasion to contribute to her and her brother's welfare and happiness, as I always promised ; though in fact, considering your opulent fortune, your children have the most encouraging prospect already." Mrs. Jones either counterfeited well, or made him real returns of gratitude for his goodness ; not willing, it should seem, to provoke another lecture from her cousin, protesting she would do nothing without his advice and participation ; and Mr. Jones offered to pay for the many years board and expences, his daughter had occasioned ; but Mr. Goldsmith cut him short, by telling him, that the happiness he had reaped in his care of her, fully repaid him for all, only begging leave still, to interest himself in her future welfare. He then proposed, that they should not immediately take her home ; but that all the good company should, in a few days, pay them a visit, and bring her to their embraces, which they very readily agreed to. This he imparted afterwards to those worthy persons, who promised to accompany them. After dinner the next day, they separated, and all returned well pleased to their own habitations.

Goldsmith now left alone, with his harmonious

monious family, took an opportunity to sound the disposition of Lucy, in the presence of Mrs. Julian, Mrs. Penry, and his son, explaining to her so much of her history as he could, without exposing her mother: He then, with a melancholy air, said, "I must now lose you, my dear, but my affection you will never lose, so long as your preserve that virtue and goodness, that alone can make you truly lovely. Let not the allurements of pleasure conspire with the vivacity of your temper, to banish from your mind those precepts of wisdom you have been made mistress of; and amidst your duties to your parents, sometimes remember me, remember your friends here, and forget not that excellent youth, who loves you with an unfeigned affection, and who will frequently visit you. Remember the peaceful abode where you was nursed and nurtured, and if ever betrayed to an act of levity or indiscretion, think in what light it would be looked upon there. My sand is running a-pace, and I have not many years to number; but I shall go down to the grave with peace and satisfaction if I can see you both happy before I die."

Billy, struck with these mournful expressions, could not refrain his tears, and Lucy

wept

wept with him; they embraced him with a tenderness of affection, and the latter answered, "No, my dear father, I can never forget you, my brother, or my dear friends—Why was I ever discovered to my parents?—If I had my choice, I would still live with you—I cannot help loving you better than any person upon earth. I never knew my father and mother before, and it must require a long intercourse to love them as I do you. Let me still retain the same place in your affection, and as to me I will never do any thing without your advice and approbation." "My dearest girl," he replied, "you make me perfectly happy: but you must now strive to obey your parents in all their lawful commands; they have a natural right to your duty and obedience, and you must follow their advice and instruction. Your father is an honest worthy man, and your mother has a thousand good qualities. I reap abundant satisfaction in having made them happy." He was once going to mention the circumstance to them that lay next his heart; but checked himself, thinking it best to defer it, till they were at a distance from each other.

The few days she had now to remain at St. Ismael, were spent in a manner that was thought most agreeable to her: They visited Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. Jenkins, and all their friends, who made her very handsome presents, and provided all the entertainments for her in their power, inly rejoicing at the success of their project.

It was Friday, when, Lucy's wardrobe being sent the day before, they set out for Carmarthen, and they arrived at Mr. Jones's about dinner time. Every thing was provided in the most elegant manner for their reception, and nothing spared to make them welcome. They received their daughter very affectionately, and Mrs. Jones carried the ladies to see the apartment she had fitted up for her use, which was even magnificent. Mr. Jones was particularly attentive to Billy, and they spent the day in a very friendly and sociable manner: Not a disagreeable word or reflection was heard, all was harmony and peace. And now the moment was come, when their vehicles waited at the door, and they must depart. Lucy turned pale, notwithstanding all her vivacity, the tears streamed from her eyes, and

sighs

sighs hindered speech. Billy was little less affected: He embraced her with tenderness, and hoped she would permit him often to see her. Goldsmith was moved, and his parting impressed a mournful silence all their journey home, where we shall leave them for some time, and proceed to other matters.

C H A P. IV.

Adventures at Carmarthen,

SIR Hugh Owen had not seen Lucy for some time before her departure ; so that she never had an opportunity to reproach him with his behaviour to the widow at Kidwelly ; but it was predominant in her mind, and gave her exquisite pain. She conceived such an aversion to her, that she never could be persuaded to visit her afterwards, and once, at St. Isinael, pretended an engagement, not to entertain her. The day after Lucy's departure, Sir Hugh called at Mr. Goldsmith's, and was received in the same friendly manner ; but not seeing his fair one, asked if she was not well ; upon which Mr Goldsmith told him all that had happened, and that she was then with her parents. Sir Hugh took a speedy leave, and setting spurs to his horse, soon arrived at Carmarthen. He knew Jones, and doubted not but he would befriend his suit, and was extremely glad she was from under the protection of Mr. Goldsmith. Accordingly, having washed and cleaned himself at a friend's in the

the town, he went to the merchant's; but found only Mrs. Jones and her daughter were at home. However this did not discourage him, and, sending his name up, he was introduced to Mrs. Jones, who was at work in her dining-room. As to Lucy, she had complained of a pain in her head, and was gone to lie down upon the bed. Mrs. Jones desired him to be seated, and then inquired his business.

“ Though my friend Mr. Jones, is not at home,” says he, “ I was resolved, madam, not to leave Carmarthen without waiting upon you. I have had the honour several times, of seeing your lovely daughter, at Mr. Goldsmith's, and did not know but he might have the disposal of her; but this morning he acquainted me she was with her parents. I have the greatest love and esteem imaginable for Miss Lucy, and would beg of you, madam, a licence to wait upon her, and pay my addresses to her: My rank and family you are no stranger to; my fortune and character I hope are unexceptionable: I desire, madam, you will not make me unhappy, by a refusal; she is the only woman I ever yet beheld, for whom I could profess a sincere and undissembled passion.”

Mrs. Jones's little head was all in com-

motion at this address—Lady Owen—Lady Owen, sounded already in her ears, and made her very pliable. She told him she could determine nothing in an affair of such consequence, to the happiness of her family, without Mr. Jones's participation; but if he would favour her with his company, for half an hour, she expected him home by that time, and he might then hear his determination.

The baronet expressed his willingness to stay, and then asked after the young lady's health, and was answered that she had not long since retired to her chamber, complaining of a pain in her head and she feared had caught cold; but she hoped she would soon overcome it. "Pray, Sir Hugh," continued she, "have you ever mentioned your affection to my daughter?" He answered, "Madam, I must own I have; not then imagining her parents were of this county; for I was informed she was a relation of Mr. Lloyd's, a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood of Kidwelly, my very good friend, to whom I unboomed myself, and met with no objection from him, save, that he would have been pleased, if a match could be brought about between her and the young gentleman, at Mr. Goldsmith's, who

who is a relation of Mrs. Lloyd's. Miss Lucy seemed not displeased with my offers, and I hope she has conceived some liking for me: But depend upon it, madam, had I known her near relation to you, I should not have presumed to mention my love without your licence."

Upon my word," returned the lady, the colour visiting her face, "we should have had rare doings indeed, if Mr. Lloyd had been consulted, I find—No, no, my daughter is not to be thrown away upon a foundling—an outcast, I assure him—we are able to give her a handsome fortune, and no gentleman in Wales need blush to unite with our family. I promise you, Sir Hugh, you shall have my voice—Impertinent, indeed, to presume to dispose of other people's children!"

By this time, gentle reader, thou art confirmed that Mrs. Jones's repentance was all grimace; and so indeed it was. Mortified as she had been, for many years, thinking her daughter totally lost, she could not help shewing somewhat like grief and contrition, and in the latter case, no doubt, felt as a mother: But the moment she discovered she had been deceived, and her child safe, she entertained the most bitter resentment against every one
con-

concerned in the deception ; in a moment, so perverted were her ideas, looked upon herself as the injured party, and on the amiable Orphan, notwithstanding his assiduities to oblige her, in the same light as at first. Oh ! Almighty Being, thou alone canst see through the human heart : *Thou seest not as man seeth, thou knowest our thoughts !* Yet still Mrs. Jones resolved to behave so to Mr. Goldsmith, as to convince him, she was his proselyte, and was every day wishing her son was come into the country, that he might strive to rival Billy in his affections. Precious woman ! Thou shalt be exhibited to the world, as the most unaccountable of thy sex ; the most base and barbarous ! Eighteen or twenty years before, such a temper, perhaps, would not have appeared so very horrid ; but now, advanced into the vale of years, her hair grey, and her face wrinkled, rich and opulent, what could incite her to fresh crimes !—I am well aware there can be no proper solution of this question, but from herself, and had she been asked, and had answered sincerely, perhaps it all flowed from a base obstinacy of temper, and a mind rude and uninformed. To this very day, it is a problem, from what motive Mrs. Brett could

could so cruelly treat her own son, the celebrated Richard Savage *: But already their motives are known in a court, from which there can be no appeal, and where, many years since, they have been cited to appear.

It was above an hour before Mr. Jones came home ; who was pleased to see Sir Hugh at his house, though he was at a loss to know what brought him there ; but after some mutual compliments had passed, Mrs. Jones officiously took upon her to relate his business to her spouse. The honest merchant, heard her out, with great attention and patience, till she began to comment and recommend ; when he made this answer : “ Sir Hugh, I know your family and yourself so well, that I think you do me great honour, and I shall also think you, perhaps, the most eligible son-in-law I could wish, and if Lucy should become your wife, I shall give her 10,000*l.* making a proper settlement upon her : But I am sorry Mrs. Jones has been so ungrateful, as not to recollect, though not bound thereto, that it would be an impropriety
not

* See Mr. Samuel Johnston's elegant life of that unfortunate person.

not to consult my cousin, the worthy Mr. Goldsmith, of St. Ismael, on this head. He has, by his goodness, acquired a right to direct my daughter's future fortune; a right which I shall never deprive him of; and I make no doubt but his advice will terminate in your favour." "But, Sir," Sir Hugh replied, "though I have the greatest regard imaginable for your cousin, I have been told he has always meditated a match between the young gentleman, that is with him, and Lucy: It is true, I think that young gentleman, who I greatly esteem, deserves every thing; but Miss Lucy has told me, though she loves him as a brother; she will never think of him for an husband; and I am much mistaken, if there are not other connections in his view: Therefore, Sir, I only query, if it is advisable to consult Mr. Goldsmith in this matter."

"I tell you, Sir," rejoined Mr. Jones, "you have started a thought which never yet entered my head—it pleases me—it delights me—That gentleman, Sir Hugh, has suffered greatly by my family; at least was intended to be a sufferer, if providence had not disappointed the designs of his enemies." (Here Mrs. Jones, with a look of indignation, left them together, and retired

tired to her daughter's apartment) "Now I am greatly of my cousin Goldsmith's way of thinking, and if she likes him, and he likes her, that would be the match I should adopt. You may say, indeed, he is of no family that is known of; that he depends upon my cousin's bounty, and what not; but will you produce me a finer, a soberer, a more sensible young fellow in twenty counties? No, no disparagement to you, you cannot. I love him; and if he will have Lucy, if she will be directed by me, he, and only he shall be her husband; but if the two parties are not agreed, then, Sir, you shall certainly have me on your side: I will see my cousin to-morrow, and talk with Lucy about the affair: mean time, I know you to be a man of so much honour, you are welcome to my house and table, and to every thing I can oblige you in."

The baronet, quite startled at this conclusion, and knowing the merchant to be a positive man, was obliged to acquiesce in the conditions laid down; and soon after, as he was asked by Mr. Jones, to spend the rest of the day with them, they were joined by Mrs. Jones and Lucy, who was somewhat recovered from her indisposition. Mrs. Jones had had a long confabulation with

with her daughter, above stairs, who had made her the confidante of her regard for Sir Hugh, as well as the reason she had to complain of him; but the mother, fond of the match, on account of his title, and willing at any rate to disappoint Mr. Goldsmith's design, well knowing also female artifices, persuaded her that the widow had injured him, so that nothing, except a little more serious reserve, seemed different from her usual behaviour to him, which he ascribed to her new situation. No more was said about the matter that night; but as he knew Mr. Jones would go to St. Ismael on the morrow, he resolved to wait upon the ladies in his absence, which he privately signified to Miss Lucy at his departure.

Lucy had now been many days in a new world, as it were, which more suited her temper, and had already made a total alteration in her behaviour. At St. Ismael she had conversed only with wise and virtuous women, who scorned the little arts of her sex, and never countenanced her in any of her failings: Lessons of virtue and prudence were their entertainments; thus mirth was checked by reason, and innocence and purity dictated all they said. All this, however, contradicted Lucy's natural

tural temper ; though her dependence upon Mr. Goldsmith obliged her to acquiesce ; But at Carmarthen she saw various objects that suited her better. Gay ladies and gentlemen resided or resorted to that polite town, and she was immediately, as it were, to make her amends for her many years of enduring strict discipline, plunged into all the diversions of the place and neighbourhood, and became the toast in all companies ; this gratified, also, the vanity of the mother, who thence found a pretence to enjoy greater liberties than she had many years dared to do ; this mother was likewise thoroughly capable of initiating her into all the arts of coquetry : She soon began to sigh and ogle by rule, to put herself, as by accident, into such attitudes as would best discover her beauties, to shed the ready tear, to feign terror and afright, to give opportunity for many addresses ; to listen, and yet to encourage none of them ; to think it her prerogative to be admired and adored, and that all the male species should do homage to her beauty : This excellent mother would laugh at the old fashioned maxims she had learned, often saying, with a sneer, “ Ay, ay, old women and philosophers are, to be sure, very excellent instructors for young
Vol. II. F ladies !”

ladies!" She soon bantered her out of her affection for Mr. Goldsmith, and her esteem, for her old friends, and, though she found that the most difficult task, brought her to think with great indifference of the Orphan, who she represented as the enemy and rival of the family. However, as he frequently rode over to see her, it was necessary to instruct her also in the art of dissimulation, that she might still carry it fair and tenderly to the young man. To bring all this to bear, she seldom allowed her any time to reflect; but continually engaged her in a round of pleasures and entertainments; so that she soon got rid of all the real goodness she had possessed, and forgot every precept of her former instructresses. Mr. Jones, whose very soul was taken up in his business, always found them, to all appearance, pleased and happy, and as he had just recovered so fine a young lady, whose praises he every where heard, he thought it not unreasonable that she should be gratified in all her wishes. But to return:

Mr. Jones and the Baronet were each of them punctual in the performance of their promises; the former, after breakfast, set out for St. Ismael, and the latter spent his day with the ladies. Mr Jones dined with

Mr.

Mr. Goldsmith and Mrs. Julian, alone; for the Orphan was, by invitation, that day at Mr. Lloyd's. After dinner he, in his honest and blunt manner, informed Mr. Goldsmith of what had passed between himself and Sir Hugh, and assured him, again and again, that he would conclude nothing in that, or any other affair relative to his daughter, without consulting him: He then enlarged on the hint thrown out by the Baronet, asked Mr. Goldsmith if there was any foundation for it, and, with the utmost heartiness, said if there was, he should second it with all his influence and authority.

Mr. Goldsmith, pleased and surprised at the same time, with his grateful behaviour of Jones, first rose and embraced him cordially, and then expressed his sense of such his conduct: "I must own, cousin," he continued, "that from the very infancy of the two children, I wished such an union might take place in their riper years; by which means my fortune might descend entire to your future progeny: Perhaps I have acted amiss; but this favourite scheme of mine has been uppermost upon all occasions, and in every part of my management of the young folks: I know the friends I have made my confidants in this
F 2 design,

design, are not so sanguine as myself, and think their different tempers, and the kindred-like manner they have been brought up in, will disappoint my views: But I own I am not so clear sighted, and still am wedded to them. Sure, cousin, never did heaven point out a more agreeable union. My son, I must say, and will say again, is the most accomplished, most excellent youth, that ever I believe, existed: Were I to recount to you all his virtues and good qualities, I should never have ended: He is likewise, in my eye, at least, the handsomest man that can be beheld; but so gentle, so full of humility, that he seems not to know his own perfections. Our dear Lucy is, on the other hand, a paragon of beauty, her disposition perfectly amiable, and they already have a sincere affection for each other. I am able to settle them in an estate superior to the Baronet's; and I will not think so meanly of Lucy, as that she has any regard for an empty title. I intended in my next visit to you to propose the match; I hope nothing will hinder its accomplishment, for I have brooded over it so long, and indulged so much mental satisfaction in the prospect of it, that I must own I shall be very unhappy, if it proves abortive, and I

am sure none but our professed enemies can oppose it."

Poor gentleman, he little imagined how totally altered Lucy was now, though in so short a space, under the tuition of her adroit governess!—Jones, at once, vowed it should be as his cousin had said, and that he would give the Baronet his final answer as soon as he met him again: "It would be ungrateful, indeed," added he, "to circumvent so evidently beneficial a proposal, after all you have done for, and all you have suffered from my family." They parted infinitely pleased with each other; Jones, being now as sanguine for the match, as Goldsmith himself.

He no sooner arrived at home, than he went into the dining room, and sent a messenger for his wife and daughter to attend him; but they were gone out on a visit, after Sir Hugh left the house: That gentleman had made the best use of his time, and if he got no absolute promise from the daughter, the mother, however, gave him positive assurances that he, and he only, should be the happy man. From the aspersions of the widow Williams, he cleared himself, to both their satisfactions; but Lucy, resolved to mortify her thoroughly, insisted he should write a reproaching letter,

ter, bitterly complaining of her baseness, with some degrading expressions of her person, which the infatuated lover implicitly complied with.

It was pretty late before Mrs. Jones and her daughter returned; when, after sitting some time together, Jones, without any preparative, desired his daughter to think no more of Sir Hugh Owen: "I have," said he, "a better offer, and one, I am sure, that will prove infinitely more agreeable to you, in my view. Sir Hugh, I own, is much of a gentleman, and a very honest man; but my man is not only handsome, but handsomer than any man I ever beheld; his fortune will be superior, and his manners such as would do honour to nobility itself." The ladies both guessed who he meant, and the elder returned, "Lord, my dear, what do you talk of; if you mean my cousin's idol; would you marry your daughter to a person of neither birth nor consideration, as we may suppose? One bred up through charity, and whose original may be mean and base to the last degree?" "Besides," added Lucy, "I have been so long used to look upon him as a brother, that it will be impossible, I think, to consider in him the light of an husband: I must own, papa, all you say of
his

his person and accomplishments to be just, and I shall ever value my dear Billy; but I never could discover the least disposition in him to love me, but as a relation and companion, and I am sure I never felt otherwise for him." "Besides," interrupted the mother, "why must my cousin make my family amends by such a match? If he is so unjust as to leave all he has to his adopted son, let him do it; but he has no claim of right to make my daughter unhappy, who, but for his own arts, had ever been educated under the eyes of her parents."

Jones was too much incensed to hear more: "Very well!—very pretty, madam, indeed," he rejoined, in an elevated tone of voice, "if you have so soon forgot your obligations to Mr Goldsmith, I have not, or ever shall: And if your daughter can forget her preserver, her friend, her benefactor, and her indulgent parent, as I may call him, she is, alas! too like her mother. Is this, Madam, your boasted repentance, for an intended crime of the blackest dye? This, your return for the late happy recovery of this daughter?—I'll talk no more to such persons: It is necessary, now, that I make use of my authority as a husband and a parent, which I have too much

much dispensed with. I therefore, in the first place, charge you, Madam, not to entertain Sir Hugh, or any other suitor to my daughter, in my house: And you, Miss, I command to receive Mr. Goldsmith, as the man I intend for your husband.—*A person of no birth or consideration!—bred up through Charity!*—Very fine expressions from you, truly: But, if you are so blind to merit and virtue like his, I am not, or ever will be, and if Lucy marries any other, I swear the fortune I intended for her, I will bestow upon this Orphan, *bred up on charity*; for if she does not think proper to make him amends for your injurious treatment of him, I will. I shall say no more—but will find out your Baronet, and let him understand he has no more business here.” So saying, he rose and left the room, and the ladies as much mortified as can well be imagined. Miss was the first who opened her mouth, after his departure: Ah! mamma, what do I hear—must I be made unhappy, by the very hand from whom I expected protection!—But what did my papa mean, by Billy’s sufferings from you, and the propriety of my making him amends for them? There is somewhat more in this affair than ever I thought; many expressions have been
been

been used in my hearing, that make me suspect there is somewhat at the bottom of all this, though I cannot comprehend it: How came I brought up at a distance from home? What connection have the fortunes of Billy and myself? "Pray, mamma, tell me." Mrs. Jones turned pale, base as she was, at these close questions; but soon recovering herself, told the story of Billy's being taken up, the consequent fondness of Mr. Goldsmith for him, and her attempt to steal him from him, with all she had lately understood of the disappointment she met with; glossing the whole over, very artfully, with the benefit she intended her family thereby, and the care she intended to have taken of the Orphan though it had been basely reported otherwise. She concluded all, by affirming, that Mr. Goldsmith was in his dotage, governed by whim and caprice, and wished she could fall upon some way to set him against the youth, and restore him to his senses, as she phrased it. Lucy heard her with great silence throughout, and, tho' so partially related, could not refrain her tears: She, however, embraced her mamma, and declared she wished she could be made easy without doing any injury to Billy,

Billy, for whom she had yet some remains of tenderness.

Mrs. Jones having overcome this difficulty, and made Lucy her confidante now resolved in herself, not to stop here; but to disappoint the match, and also, if possible, to remove the Orphan from St. Ismael: Whilst she was indulging this thought, Sir Hugh, who had been sought in vain by Mr. Jones, came to wish them a good night. Mrs. Jones immediately seized the lucky opportunity, to impart to him all that had passed; but knew him too well to make him the associate in the designs which she had been brooding upon, and which, though she had resolved to pursue, she had not yet hit upon any lucky circumstance to guide her therein. Sir Hugh was struck to the heart at what he heard; he esteemed young Goldsmith, and was concerned that he was to be his rival: He said a great deal in his praise; and at length, dropped the following expressions, which was a foundation sufficient for Mrs. Jones's fertile brain to work upon: One thing alone, dear madam," says he, "gives me some gleam of hope: Mr. Goldsmith, I am certain, by my observations, is enamoured of another young lady, and they are really deserving of each other, and, unless forced to

to it, will not oppose my love: But what his affection and gratitude to his father may affect I know not—I am afraid too much for my peace.” Mrs. Jones, at these words, brightened up—she immediately conceived, if he was smitten with another object, he himself would reject the proposed match; and thereby she foresaw would forfeit the esteem of her cousin and her husband, and perhaps, make a total breach between him and them, and immediately resolved to acquiesce in appearance, with those gentlemen for that purpose, that the refusal might not come from Lucy, but from him, which would produce all she wished for, and would bring ruin (for well she knew her cousin’s positive temper) upon the Orphan, and secure Goldsmith’s affection and fortune to her own family. She was very inquisitive to know who the lady was, that he supposed Billy had set his affections on, and after some hesitation he told her, Miss Sukey Thomas, the only daughter of his neighbour, Sir Trevor Thomas. Here was another blow, which required all her stock of dissimulation to support decently before Sir Hugh. Well she knew the worth of the lady, and the goodness and opulence of her father: Here all her rancour to the Orphan

Orphan revived in full force ; if she could have unbosomed herself, she would have exclaimed directly —“ Curse upon it—shall he have a chance of fortune and happiness, who I am determined to deprive of both—No, no, I will serve my own ends with him first—I will save Lucy the danger of offending her father and cousin—and—and then—if I can set the Baronet and his daughter against him : They look upon him as a young gentleman, as born to a fortune, and of a good family ; but they shall know he is a foundling—an outcast—he will then be rejected :—My cousin’s and husband’s favour forfeited, he will be turned out an exile, and I—yes—I shall be revenged for the trouble and scandal he has caused me.” These would have been her words, I say ; for they were the very ideas that instantaneously darted into her mind : Immediately a self-approving, but somewhat forced-like smile smoothed her face, and “ she hoped, what Sir Hugh had informed them,” she said, “ might be true ; for, she should be greatly concerned to have Billy made unhappy : However, Sir,” she continued, “ we must act cautiously in this matter : It is necessary you should decline your public pretensions to my daughter for the present ; but you may see

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see her at Mrs. Joyce's, who I can depend upon for secrecy: She is, you know, countenanced by all persons of fashion in town; though her fortune is but slender: Do you take care to be prudent, and cautious of alarming Mr. Jones, and leave the rest to me. I am under no doubt, in that case, that I shall be able to make all parties, happy, and should be proud of an alliance, Sir Hugh, with your virtues: I reiterate it—we must be very wary; for I never knew my husband so resolved in any thing, as he seems to be for this match. Sir Hugh and Lucy promised to be entirely governed by her, and the former soon after took his leave, which was not more than twenty minutes before Jones came in, heavily complaining he could not meet with him, after a long search. As the first step to conciliate her husband's favour, she at once acknowledged, frankly, that Sir Hugh had been with her and Lucy, and added, “My dear, I have followed your directions, and believe he will trouble us no more, since I told him how firmly bent you was upon the proposed match; Lucy also expressed her desire to be pestered no more with his addresses. I hope you will pardon me for what I said, in my first

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emotion, relative to Mr. Goldsmith: I have since reflected upon the matter, think your choice is a very good one, will entirely co-operate with you and my cousin to bring it about, and hope all Lucy's objections will be soon overcome, as well as my own."

Lucy stared and looked very silly, at hearing this from her mother; not being able to imagine at what she was aiming; however, as she took care to cast two or three emphatical looks towards her, unobserved, she silently seemed to acquiesce. This put the father into the gayest humour imaginable: His wife had now, once more, contrived to deceive him, which she could not so readily have done; but that his eagerness contributed thereto; for we are never more easily duped, than when our own wishes are flattered and gratified. He gave a loose to the joy of his heart, he ran out into lavish, though deserved encomiums upon Billy and his patron, he promised Lucy that he would sling a farther sum in, as an addition to her fortune, and, in fine produced a letter he had received from his son, with advice that he should be at Carmarthen, in about a fortnight's time: "Then you little slut," added he, "you will

will see a brother, that will not disgrace you, and who is already master of a fortune, gained by his own industry and success, and let me tell you, madam, (turning to his wife) you will then boast of having a son and a son-in-law, the equals to whom will scarce be found within an hundred miles of Carmarthen."

C H A P. V.

*Which treats of matters at St. Ismael and
elsewhere.*

THAT uneasy, obstinate principle, we generally call conscience, often takes a deal of time and trouble before it is overcome and silenced, so as never to rise up more in rebellion against our desires: This even Mrs. Jones had often found, and now, in a fainter degree continued to experience; but as for Lucy, she had many and tormenting qualms, upon the present occasion, which gave her mother an infinite deal of inquietude. She herself was now and then faintly touched with somewhat like remorse, at what she was about; was irresolute for some moments: Her son's expected arrival, who had, she knew, been bred up in great reverence for his cousin, and was a man of integrity and honour, not a little awed her: The damp she should throw upon her husband's fond expectations, nay the misery she should reduce the Orphan to, often haunted her mind: But the reader will readily conceive, that she soon drove away these intruding reflections, and that hatred and resentment resumed

sumed their place in her bosom: She might now have made herself a supremely happy woman; but she seemed to resolve not to be happy, unless she rendered her friends miserable. Most diabolical temper! Lucy, to whom she explained, soon after, what she had said to her father, and let into all her designed management, save what related to her attempts against Billy, was more violently affected. Though she was now overwhelmed in pleasure, dissipation and folly: though she could hear Goldsmith sneered at, and even her father; tho' she retained none of that lively attachment for Billy she formerly had; tho' she was utterly become the slave of fashion, and of whim, some of the old maxims she had followed, the rules she had been taught, often intruded themselves: She sighed when she thought of her late benefactor, and his adopted son, being disappointed or rendered unhappy, and wished her mother would take no step that was inconsistent with their welfare: But the mother took care to hurry her from pleasure to pleasure, from amusement to amusement, so perpetually, that these reflections became less and less frequent and piercing, and she not only forgot every obligation to the family at St. Ismael, but left off all correspondence by letter there,

which at first she had accustomed herself to, and no more thought of Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Julian, or Mrs. Penry, than if such persons had never existed. Her amour with Sir Hugh, also contributed to this oblivion of former events; she loved, or thought she loved him, and his intercourse with her had raised his passion to a pitch that brooked restraint hardly. Mean time Billy often visited at Mr. Jones's, was received with the usual distinction; but had yet never opened his mouth upon the main matter, little imagining, however, that the ladies were sensible of the reason of his backwardness.

We must now retrospect to St. Ismael and Ithin Duon, and relate some matters that passed there, prior to the above situation of affairs at Carmarthen.

We left the Orphan at Mr. Lloyd's upon a visit, at the time Mr. Jones rode over to Goldsmith's, as before related, where he also found Mr. Jenkins. Those excellent persons, who loved him most affectionately, and whose esteem he had attracted by his constant behaviour, were transported at seeing him, and now informed him of their motives, for advising his father to send Lucy home to her parents: Nay, Mrs. Lloyd went so far as to
add,

add, "I cannot, child, think with patience of your being allied to that bad woman, for her behaviour upon the late discovery, convinced me, she never truly repented, nor has at all mended her heart; besides, by some intelligence I have received, she is leading her daughter into so many vanities and follies, as must still render her less deserving of such an husband as you, I know, will make. Therefore, with proper care on our side, they may do the business for us; for I hear Sir Hugh is her constant visitor, and title and pre-eminence, will certainly weigh down the scale in his favour. We all grieve that our worthy friend at St. Ismael, is so bent upon the match, between her and you, and we look forwards with apprehension at the trouble his inevitable disappointment will give him; but let us hope that the endearments of a grateful son, and the charms of friendship, will alleviate his chagrin, and bring his mind to its wonted peace and calmness, and to that rectitude of judgment, which only in this particular has ever failed him."

Billy, encouraged by this speech, unboomed himself with freedom; he painted the distress of his soul; he owned his love for Miss Thomas, with all the conflicts he
had

had been agitated with, and his resolution, if yet they had not heard it, to own to the Baronet and his daughter, his forlorn state, and his uncertainty of his parents: "But after all, my dear friends," he added, "I cannot reflect upon what I owe to my dear patron and father, without resolving to follow the dictates of gratitude, if I could reconcile them to my duty to my Creator, and as a rational creature. Alas! I have daily objects before me, that impress those dictates more forcibly. For my sake, I see the aged Mrs. Penry, supported in a manner she deserves—favours heaped upon her deserving children;—for my sake, honest Deborah Price lately married and settled happily:—I am in actual possession of all my father's property—all his affairs go through my hands—nothing is withheld from me: The dear Mrs. Julian, bending under the weight of years, often embraces me with tears, and seems, methinks, to say—Ah! do not make this family unhappy—Are you the serpent that, cherished and restored to life, stings to death its preservers?—My father views me with a fondness of affection, that distracts me;—I think, I even hear him say to himself—Can he—can he contradict my wishes—and bow me down to the grave in sorrow,

forrow, in my advanced age!—I that love him—that would give up all I possess for his sake.—Oh! my friends, what is it not that I owe him!—Owe him?—I owe him above all, that I am happy in your honoured and valued friendship—that under your eyes and joint cares I am become what I am—and I dread by any act or thought to forfeit, though inadvertently, your esteem. Gracious God! into what a labyrinth am I entered—Confusion, every way, harrows up my breast, and distracts my ideas!”

The friends beheld his situation, and heard these mournful expressions with much concern. Mr. Lloyd said it was no time to trifle, and recommended an endeavour, by honest advice and solid reasoning, to bring Mr Goldsmith to himself; Mrs. Lloyd and Billy were against it; but Mr. Jenkins, joining in opinion with the former, at length brought them over, tho’ Billy trembled for the consequences; not to himself, for he would have rather been turned out, an outcast, and a wanderer, than think of a union so disagreeable and irrational: but the disturbance it might give his father touched him to the heart: “Look ye, my dear,” Jenkins said, “I can never think with patience of your
being

being forced to prostitute the most solemn vows, to the purposes of procuring any temporary ease, either to yourself or another: Let your obligations be ever so great, and great, no doubt, they are, you must never repay them at the hazard of your duty to God, or that self-approving consciousness, which should regulate all your actions. We must not make a mockery of the most solemn institution: No, we must obey God rather than man—and by his mercies to thee, in particular, he demands it—surely gratitude to the divine Being should precede that to any human creature: Fear not the event; obstinately as he is fixed in his design, I have such an opinion of his good sense, that when he sees the absurdity of pursuing the matter further, he will yield to the force of conviction. He will blush at his having indulged the thought: Fire and water would as soon unite as thee and Lucy. I ever perceived, poor girl, that she would fall off to the practice of every folly of her sex, would reject and forget all the wise and prudent counsels bestowed upon her, by this excellent lady: Say no more—I'll be bound for my success—we will have none of Mrs. Jones's race at St. Ismael."

It was agreed hereupon, that, in a few days,

days, Mr. Jenkins should visit Mr. Goldsmith, and that Billy should have notice of the time, that he might be out of the way.

When he returned home, he found his patron in a more cheerful temper than he had for some time observed: In fact, Jones's visit and acquiescence with his proposals, had quite exilerated his spirits, and, if possible, more revitted the match in his mind. He seemed to struggle, to suppress somewhat, which yet he wished were divulged. The Orphan delighted to see him so joyous, forget all his regrets and apprehensions for that moment, and endeavoured to do and say all he could, to keep up the good humour, without suspecting on what foundation it was built: They sate up late—the whole family rejoiced, they knew not for what reason; but that the principals were so enlivened. It was unfortunate that Goldsmith had not lately been at Carmarthen, not willing to visit that town, till he were better assured of the compliance of all concerned, to his desires; for his discernment was so excellent, that he could not have avoided perceiving the total metamorphosis of Lucy, which would have been very much in his son's favour. And now, he was determined not to go
till

till he saw Jones again, with an account of the Barnot's decampment, and the manner the ladies relished the proposal: Behold how weak, how erring the most understanding man can be, when self gratification is at stake, self advantage: I fear the wisest and best of the species do, and ever will, in such cases, think and act like Goldsmith. He had fixed his premisses: Lucy could not refuse the amiable and generous Orphan; nor could he reject the handsome, the beauteous Lucy: No consideration was bestowed upon the poor Sir Hugh; none of the daggers felt that must be planted in the breast of a desponding lover. They were to be married, *nolens volens*, and when their consent was demanded, the approving, the eager *Yes* was not in the least doubted: Thus this man of learning, religion, morality and fine sense, treated his fellow-creatures, his dependents, in this case, like mere machines, when, in every other, where prepossession or partiality had not blinded him, he was upright and just, and weighed all things in the scale of reason. Reader, there are more Goldsmith's in the world; it is hoped thou wilt endeavour to avoid his error—especially, where a son or a daughter may be rendered unhappy, by thy obstinacy!

Three or four days passed afterwards, in the usual manner, at St. Ismael, when Mr. Goldsmith having some business to transact at Llandilovaur, desired his son in his absence, to pay a visit to Carmarthen: This was the most joyful news to him imaginable; he thought he had been guilty of ingratitude, in not having again visited Ithin Duon; for as no business had called him that way, he had no excuse to his father for going there, who studiously, he found, avoided any mention of the family: Besides, he dreaded least Sir Trevor should be able to come over to St. Ismael, and propose some things which he knew would be far from meeting with a kind reception. Therefore he generously, at all hazards, resolved to discover his situation to the Baronet and his amiable daughter, and was pleased with the opportunity, which did not confine him to a day or two, as he knew it would be more before his father could return home. His noble resolution fired him to put it into execution; though he dreaded the consequences: Little did he at this time, however, enter into himself, or he would have discovered still other, though more latent motives prompting his design. He represented to himself, in the most engaging lights, the sacrifice

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he was going to make—the heroic fortitude he should exercise in opening the most mortifying confession of his poverty and dependency: Yet, at the same time, had he believed that scorn and contempt would have succeeded that respect shewed him by Miss Thomas, it would have frozen his very soul: No, he thought he should be pitied—that he should behold the sympathetic tear drop from her fine eyes, and that Sir Trevor himself would discover tokens of sorrow; in fact, more flattering than mortifying ideas possessed his mind, and love, would he not have checked the reflection, was his predominant principle of action on this occasion.

C H A P. VI.

The triumph of humanity and benevolence.

THE morning after his father's departure, he set out for Ithin Duon, taking care, in justification of the above remark, to array himself in the most becoming attire he was master of. He jogged on, full of cogitation, until he arrived within about half a mile of the good Baronet's seat, on which he fondly gazed, and frequently sighed, when his present intention occurred to his mind; for the beauties, the graces, the amiable qualities of the object it contained otherwise employed his thoughts. "Unhappy youth," he exclaimed, "hard and uncommon, is thy fortune! Before thee all that can endear this life to a rational, a sensible mind; but impossible to be enjoyed! Behind me I have also every thing flattering, every thing agreeable; but clogged with a circumstance that pall the pleasure they would else produce!—But I go, to embrace my fortune—yet should the lovely creature, who is kind and beneficent to every one, dispise my forlorn state—my uncertain parentage,

how ineffably wretched shall I be! No, charming maid—If I am not worthy your affection, at least indulge the pity and compassion so consonant to your disposition, and I will endeavour to esteem it happiness!” By this time he had rang at the gate, and was received by the servants with the utmost respect: They remembered him a favoured, a welcome visitor, and servants ever copy the looks and behaviour of their masters. To the surprise of our Orphan, he discovered the moment he entered the hall, Sir Trevor and his fair daughter, waiting to receive him; for his arrival had been noticed to them, the minute he entered the court yard. What pencil shall I borrow, to paint in all the glowing colours that are present to my imagination, those fine portaits that filled the admiring eyes of the fond baronet and his domestics, when Billy advancing with graceful mien and reverential awe, saluted the lily hand of the adorable Susanna, who devoured him, as he did her, with eyes, in which the tenderest respect were discoverable, mingled with rays of delight, that words are too faint to describe. No, reader, the scene was above description: I can more easily express the hearty and affection-

fectionate behaviour of Sir Trevor, who folded the Orphan in a hearty and strenuous embrace, told him his visit wiped out every regret he had harboured at his deferring it so long; then taking him under one arm, and his daughter under the other, led them into his apartment, saying, with his usual vivacity, "Come, I think now I see my family pictures; those that I shall ever view with more satisfaction than I can any other objects." Seated and mutual inquiries, usual on occasions of meeting, over, and dinner, served up, Billy, in the enjoyment of this enlivening company, for a while forgot all his regrets, gave a loose to that fine sense and wit he was naturally master of—gazed—forbore to eat till reminded of it over and over, and was entirely absorbed in contemplating the charms of the fair one, her delicate expressions, that he never once thought of inquiring after Mr. Manley and his lady. "Well, my dear boy," cries Sir Trevor, "I hope you stay with us at least the succeeding night, and the next day: We shall endeavour to make your sojourn as agreeable as we can. Providence has here provided you another parent, who will strive to love you as much as the generous Goldsmith." Billy blushed at this expres-

sion, and hung down his head—he perceived already his story was known to Sir Trevor, and notwithstanding the kind accent and the noble manner he spoke in, and the reflection that it rendered his meditated declaration still more easy and pertinent; yet it was some moments before he could recover from his confusion. At length, he answered, the tears moistening his eyes: “Ah! my dear Sir Trevor, you have touched upon a subject that fills me with regret, when I consider, as an Orphan, as an alien to my real parents, I am unworthy the honour you bestow upon me; but my sense of your goodness, is the more exalted. You have heard, Sir, my sad story—it is indeed no secret—Yet I came prepared to impart it to you and that lady—if, perchance, you had not known it—I thought it but just to disclose my strange fortunes, that I might no longer impose myself upon such kind and beneficent friends, in a character, that I had no other pretension to, than the friendship and command of my ever honoured Mr. Lloyd and his lady gave me.” “H,” Miss replied, “my papa, Sir, has given you pain, as I perceive he has innocently done, I am sure he never intended it. If possible, you have a warmer place in our esteem

freem, than you had before, since we have heard your history: You are entitled to the patronage of all the friends of virtue; all such will be proud of calling you their relation; for related you are by the noblest ties to all such: Congenial souls, want not the common bands of nature to unite them: Exalted sentiments, generous inclinations, rectitude of heart, as superior to all other qualities; these we acquire—they are our own in some sense, whereas birth and fortune are accidents that a man of the most groveling disposition may possess in common with kings and nobles. Believe me, Sir, your parents were persons, however, of consideration—everything about you bespeaks it. Here, Sir, you must think yourself at home—we shall double our cares to please and oblige you—and never imagine yourself destitute of parents and relations: See (concluded the lovely creature, with a smile that was peculiarly engaging) here is another father—and behold in me a sister—he is, I know, a parent worth your acceptance, and I assure you I shall approve myself likewise a friend to your merits, and a lover of your virtues.” “After what,” rejoined the Orphan, “most amiable lady, you have with such an unexampled beneficence declared:

clared, it will be even rudeness not to resume my spirits: If the merciful favour and protection of heaven can plead in my behalf, great cause have I to be satisfied. From my earliest days I have been nurtured and fostered by the most generous of men, and his disinterested and noble friends; providence has also directed me to the notice of yourself and your excellent father, who uninfluenced by the sordid maxims of the world, bids me still look up and expect his countenance; whilst you, Madam, with angel's voice, cheer my fading soul. If attempts have been made to render me wretched, they have all been disappointed, and I trust in the same merciful protection, that I shall escape whatever evils may be threatened: Sure, no unhappiness can attack the man that you, the favourite of heaven, and the blessing of the world, smile upon and approve—Oh! were I but more worthy of"—“ Say no more on this head, at present,” Sir Trevor interrupted; “ know that you are dear to us, and that in the short time of our acquaintance, you have made a greater progress in our affections, than any other could in years: you are like ourselves, and I am more proud of thee, than if decked with titles, and possessed of the wealth of
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the Indies. Virtue with me is the only nobility. That will ever be permanent, and produce its proper effects; family and fortune, as my Sukey wisely observed, are mere accidents and often the lot of the unworthy. Let virtue ever be the tenant, the guest of this mansion; could I provide in future, no one else but the virtuous should ever inhabit here—to no one else should those hospitable gates be opened.”

The Orphan, struck with these noble sentiments, forgot for some moments he was associated with mortals—he looked with reverence and awe upon the Baronet and his charming daughter, as Beings of a superior class. Though it had been his good fortune to have known few persons but those of the same kindred way of thinking, yet he reflected that the generosity, the humanity of this admirable family, exceeded every thing he had observed. “Gracious Being,” he silently said to himself, “the happiness thou hast bestowed upon me, in such full measure, may it be destroyed by no storm or passion, or of misfortune! Yet can such a profusion of bliss be lasting—ah! can it be the lot of mortality!”

The subject was now dropped, and
whilst

whilst Miss retired to give orders in the family, Sir Trevor led him to all parts of his house, to his library, and at length to his daughter's apartment: "Look ye, Sir," said he, at entering it, "this I look upon as a hollowed spot, but my Sukey has no secrets; the elevation of her mind, and the propriety of her actions, set her above reserve or concealment." Here the Orphan, who really trode, as if he was upon sacred ground, found every where new subjects for love and admiration; the fine works of herself and her mamma, in the bed, curtains, and other furniture, not only displayed their great industry, but such taste and elegance as could never be sufficiently extolled; her choice of books, her instruments of music, next attracted him, and in the former he traced the soundness of her judgment, and the beauties of her mind. Sir Trevor was forced every now and then, to awaken him, by a clap on the shoulder, to make him a partaker of those reflections, which this dear spot gave rise to; so fixed he was on every object, that he, jestingly, told him, if they went as slowly through the whole *suite* of rooms, they should never have finished their inspection before night came on. The visit that was left to the last, was a closet which
shone

thone with all the manufactures of the Indies, in china, &c. "And now, my boy," says the Baronet, "you will have occasion to be surpris'd at my daughter's proficiency in an art the ladies are seldom mistresses of; all those portraits, myself her dear mother, and many others you see, are the productions of her pencil: But stay, here is one in this window, which is carefully covered, and which, perhaps, I have not yet seen; she has been some days much in her closet, and I suppose this is the product of that retirement:" So saying, he took the piece up, both eagerly striving to catch the first sight of it, which caused them at the same instant to exclaim—"Heavens! how exquisite!" But in a moment their situations were altered. Sir Trevor looking earnestly at Billy, said, "Ah! the little slut! she has been recording, I see, features, which are, even in the absence of the original, always present to us in idea. She could not do me a greater pleasure."

To attempt to describe what our Orphan felt, of joy, of transport, of gratitude, and affection, at this moment, would be vain. The blushes that suffused his face, plainly discovered his confusion, but what passed in his bosom was above language.

guage. It was indeed the very exact portrait of himself, coloured with nicest skill, by the fairest hand that ever pencil graced. Several minutes of silence succeeded, when the Orphan first broke it, by these words; turning his eyes at the same time to her own picture, which hung beside him, painted by a masterly hand. "Matchless angel, let me adore thy goodness! Is it possible that I could any way deserve this honour, this distinction! Sure thou art able to discern spirits, and couldst read what passes in my bosom; couldst read there that lowly homage I pay to thy virtues, that lively, that never ceasing love, I bear to thy endearing form! Oh! nothing else could dictate to thy faultless pencil—nothing else could make me deserving of the unequalled favour thou hast bestowed upon me!—Can I now complain of fortune, or any thing! This single discovery is sufficient to compensate an age of sorrow!—But if this hand cannot return, the obligation in kind; I have thy lovely form painted in my heart, which will ever remain there, the darling object of every moment of my existence!" He was proceeding, when the Baronet, struck with his manner, interrupted him: "I have indeed discovered a secret; I must ask my Sukey's pardon;

don; but it shall be adorned with a like frame with her own; it shall hang beside her, that I may view at once, the most amiable maid, and the most accomplished youth, that ever blessed this country: Happy should I be—but I must say no more—let us haste to see our paintress, who, I suppose by now, is waiting for us.”

They found her sitting in the parlour; the Orphan, if possible, approached her with more reverence than before: The discovery he had made filled his heart with such unutterable pleasure, that he was lost in the contemplation of it. They spent the rest of the day and the succeeding evening in a manner that became persons who seemed born to live for each other; parted with reluctance, to their several apartments, that of our hero being next to Sir Trevor's, and one of the finest in the house, to which he was conducted by the baronet himself.

C H A P, VII.

An interesting Event.

SLEEP closed not our Orphan's eyes for the greatest part of the night; pleasing and soothing ideas, attended with some cruel suggestions, chequered his wakeful reflections, as they spontaneously rose in his mind: He perceived himself honoured—he imagined himself beloved—could a more rapturous thought, be indulged?—he discovered that the father of this blooming, this all accomplished maid, beheld her regard for him with a perfect approbation—nay, that he wished for an union between them. His heart beat quick with transport—he ran over every inspiring feature of the lovely Sukey; he painted in every point of light her virtues—but, alas! His father—his father—his indulgent father and patron would preforce intrude—He represented him grieved, afflicted, and unhappy, by his obstinacy—by his ingratitude and cruelty—yet he thought it would be the worst of ingratitude—it would even be immoral, not to return, by the sincerest love and attachment, the
affect

affection, the heaven created affection of Miss Thomas: He at once (such an opinion had he of her prudence and her goodness) resolved to declare the passion that swelled his bosom, and at the same time, honestly to lay before her the difficulties he laboured under. This resolution fixed, the burden seemed removed from him—a serene satisfaction succeeded—he fell into a refreshing slumber; still, even then, the object of his flame continued before him, arrayed in all her captivating charms and graces.

The radiant lamp of day had scarce appeared above the horizon, when he rose, and determined, as he heard no person stirring in the family, to refresh himself by a turn or two in the garden, the way to which he remembered, and soon gained an entrance. Though its beauties were various, they did not so much strike him, as the reflection that the feet of the maid he loved, had trode those verdent walks and alleys, he musingly traversed; and could he have discovered any print of them, we may be sure he would have fallen down and kissed, and almost worshipped it.

Thus wrapped in thought, he measured with slow and pensive steps, the greatest

part of the garden, when he perceived, thro' an opening, a fine summer-house, at the head, of a piece of water, round which the verdent turf was formed into a path, over-shaded on each side with aromatic shrubs, which perfumed the air with their grateful odour. No sounds with noisy intrusion broke upon the silence of this charming grove; the gentle warblers, alone, with various harmony sang mattins, whilst the tinkling rills of a bubbling fountain, in the midst of the canal, concerted with their artless lays: The scaly fry, inhabitants of the transparent mirror, through which the gravelly bottom might be easily perceived, wantoning, curled the waves of their silver habitation, in circling eddies, and two or three happy kids, selected for their beauty, and confined to this charming spot, cropped the delicious herbage that grew all around, proud of being noticed by their amiable mistress, who had adorned them with collars, on which her own name was inscribed: Fain would the Orphan have fondled these favourites of beauty; but after gazing at him some moments, at a distance, they fled into the thickest part of the grove. The centre of the octagon retreat, was adorned by the gilded statue of the goddess of Wisdom,
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her finger pointed downwards towards the entrance of this her temple ; at each angle one of the liberal arts, expressively executed. Chairs and a table of mahogany were the furniture of the place, and some paintings by Miss Thomas's own hand, decorated the sides. Goldsmith, who discovered, at once, the artist, by her stile, which he had so much and so closely contemplated the day before, was lost in admiration for some minutes, till he perceived a closet which, opening, he found contained a little well-chosen collection of philosophers, who have investigated the science of human nature, and of poets whose harmonious numbers and refined sentiments, were worthy the retreat of the accomplished fair. Fond as our hero was of books, he, at this time, found no other relish for them, than consisted in the idea of the owner, whose beloved name inscribed in them, he kissed with ardour, and sat himself down entranced, as it were, in contemplation of her graces and virtues. In this reverie he would have continued much longer had not the rustling of silks, from the approach of the object of his veneration, roused him, and casting his eyes towards her, he perceived she had not seen him, and was turned to the other side of

the canal. He pursued her with admiring eyes, without the power of stirring from his situation, so much was he enamoured of the sight. She was dressed in a white satin nightgown, put on with genteel negligence; her lovely tresses sporting down her neck, and gently agitated by the whispering Zephers. Her head was veiled with a nightcap of the finest lawn, richly laced, the disorder of which rather served to set off than to diminish the beauties of her endearing face. Around her skipped the sportive kids, each seeming to strive which should first partake of the cates she distributed to them, and the caresses she bestowed upon them. Again she turned towards the summer-house, when the Orphan, fearing to surprise her, stepped forth, and approached her; his heart beating quick, his eyes glistening with delight, and his face redening with blushes. The young lady first discovered his approach by the departure of her timid flock, who again fled from the unusual spectacle. She lifted up her fine eyes, and beheld a figure too present to her imagination to alarm her; his appearance rather gave her pleasure: Ah! she cried, in the gentlest voice, you rise, Sir, with the lark, I see; you soon leave inactive, slothful down, to admire

mire the works of nature, and to contemplate the goodness of providence: Thus should all our earliest hours be employed; by it we tune our souls for the events of the succeeding day, we carry into the society of our friends, hearts replete with gratitude; we endeavour to imitate the beneficence of our creator, and are more enabled to sustain the ruffles that sometimes we experience. We learn in imitation of our bountiful and kind preserver, to distribute our super-abundance amongst those beneath us; to cheer the anxiety of distress; to make some sort of return for his benignity, by sharing with others the blessings he has bestowed upon us. For my part, were I disposed to be ill-natured or malevolent, I believe this scene would render me placid and good-natured to all around me." "Ah! Madam," the Orphan replied, "this delightful spot has certainly inspired me with all that gratitude to heaven, that temper of thanksgiving which is ever uppermost in a christian's mind: But, pardon me, most adorable mistress of these shades, if in my lowly returns to the Supreme, my heart also mingled some grateful thoughts directed to the cultivator of this sacred haunt, whose correct judgment and delicate taste, have improved

proved nature's luxuriance, without putting the least force upon her: her genuine beauties still remain; yet they are ornamented with a becoming dress, that serves to set off, but not to decrease her charms. Ah! fairest and best, there is placed properly thy representative, under the guise of the fabled goddess—that snow-white temple, so let me call it, an emblem of the purity, the innocence of thy heart—those surrounding hieroglyphics, of the exalted qualifications that adorn thy generous soul: Could I forbear there to look with rapturous acknowledgment on every thing around me, to feel—Oh! to feel each elegant stroke of thy pencil, I were indeed dull and insensible, an inanimated clod—a wretch: No, dear Miss, I soon discovered this to be the retirement of beauty and virtue—I trod the hallowed walks with a kind of religious awe—and fear, I was so intranced, I should have spent more hours than civility and good breeding would have allowed.” By this time they had reached again the Temple, after traversing the borders of the canal, from the place where they met; and Miss Thomas, with eyes, that beamed forth truly the sentiments of her mind, raised to the Orphan, was attempting an answer, when she beheld

held the tears trickling down his cheeks, which he strove, in vain, to conceal. The fair one gazed some moments, earnestly at the youth, whose various conflicts of mind had produced this appearance, and then, the sympathetic tear ready to start, cried, "Sir, are you not well—let us return to the house—assistance, perhaps, may be necessary—where do you feel yourself affected?—you really alarm me." At that instant, with an action of mingled grief and affection, he cast himself at her feet, it was a motion quite involuntary, and taking one of her hands, and conveying it to his mouth, returned, interrupted by sighs and sobs at every word, "Oh! best and dearest of thy sex, forgive the perturbations you discover—forgive the effects of which you are, innocently, to much the cause!—But, if I am culpable—Oh! reprove me not in anger—nor turn away from me with disdain"—(for at this moment she had turned from him to wipe away her tears, which flowed copiously) "Permit me, thou arbiter of my destiny, to tell thee I shall be unhappy, if I cannot inspire that generous bosom with a passion equal to my own—I love you—I adore you—but alas!"—He could proceed no further—his head reclined, and entirely robbed of utterance
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by the struggles of his breast—the ten thousand different and torturing ideas that crowded into his mind and confused his brain.

The most lovely, the most compassionate of her sex, surveyed him in this disorder, in this attitude, with all that tenderness he had inspired her with; her face all glowing with blushes, her features softened into the kindest, the gentlest condescension. Too well, by her own feelings, she judged the state of his soul; nor could she from one angry look at her accomplished lover, one disdainful idea. Open and generous as her temper was, she could not have recourse to the arts of her sex: No, she who had lived but to communicate happiness to all around her—could she see his condition unmoved and unpitying? She stretched out her delicate arms, and raising him from his suppliant posture, desired him to be seated, and then, in a voice of sweetest melody, said “If my heart, Sir, is not proof against the impressions you would inspire it with, look not upon it as a weakness—my judgment, as well as the perfect esteem I have entertained for you, dictate my words. If it is in my power to make you happy—be happy—I own myself vanquished—but vanquished by an irre-

irresistible object—you had my virgin affection the moment I first beheld you—the after experience of your virtue—of the rectitude of your heart—the propriety of actions, has since riveted that affection in my heart. Yes amiable youth, I hear you with pleasure; there can be no felicity in my power to bestow, that shall not be the portion of the man I love. You justify me in this declaration,—you alone shall have this hand—you alone shall direct my future life—I, with rapturous emotions, hail the hour in which I can contribute to your ease, and relieve your mind from the burden that oppresses it.”

Here, her native and genuine modesty put a period to her honied accents: with head declined, and trembling all over, she remained; but did not remain so long: The enamoured happy youth, throwing himself at her feet, and embracing her knees, exclaimed, in distracted starts—“Gracious heaven! empower me—oh! empower me—to return, by the most constant, the most perfect affection—the most lowly attention—to make some—alas! a poor return for this amazing goodness: -Generous maid!—exalted creature—Oh! what sentiments of tenderness—of refined, pure attachment your words—your too kind words, have
excite-

excited—an Orphan—an outcast—thus to be raised to the summit of bliss—Oh! God—it is strange!—it is incredible!—But I will believe it—she, who is truth itself—who cannot deceive the unhappy, has said it—Witness, oh! witness all ye powers supreme—witness ye groves and streams, witness this endeared spot, where I had the temerity to declare my passion—that here I vow to this lovely fair one, a most sincere fidelity—an unalterable love—that I will ever study to promote her felicity—that I will ever be the fond companion of her days, the watchful attendant and guardian of all her steps: Oh! my creator and preserver, enable me to reward her amazing goodness—let not one intruding anxious thought pervade my bosom, since your favourite, that paragon of all perfection, has bid me hope her love! Raised from the lowest despondency, my most adored maid—from despair—from death—in what words shall I convey my warm acknowledgements—alas! words will never suffice—expression is too poor!—No, let all my actions speak—Close as I now, with perfect reverence, clasp this lovely bosom to mine—” rising and straining her with ardour in his arms, “ so close and closer may our union be—may we never be

be dissevered—mayest thou live a monument of increasing fondness, and when the fatal day, that must wait on all mortals, arrives—may we together visit the regions of immortality—neither feel the dreadful pangs of separation—neither see the sleep of death close each other's eyes—but, warmed with the most untainted flame below, united, exchange it for that bliss above, which it will ever be our study to deserve !”

Such violent efforts must soon cease, their minds, now freed from the embarrassment that oppressed them, a sincere and placid tranquility succeeded; they beheld each other with a serene satisfaction; doubts and fears now all subsided, and the Orphan forgot, a while, his father, and his scheme for uniting him with Lucy, which he had resolved to make Miss Thomas acquainted with. They thought it now time to wait upon Sir Trevor, at breakfast, who had been some time up, and was walking on the terras. He knew his daughter generally made an excursion to her beloved retreat early in the morning, but was surprised to see Mr. Goldsmith with her. As they advanced up the main walk to the terras, he contemplated them with delight: They could not perceive

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him, though by his situation he could them; Sukey's arm was cast round that of the Orphan, and perhaps, in that attitude, two human beings could not be seen, who formed a more charming spectacle: The Baronet enjoyed it, and said, silently, "Ah! my all-accomplished couple, I find you have even out-stripped my wishes! What a happy man shall I be to see you united!—Yes, amiable creatures, you are worthy each other—worthy the estate I possess!"

By this time Sukey had withdrawn her arm, and, seeing this good father, ran to him, with her usual freedom, saluting him, and wished him a good morrow, whilst Billy felicitated him with the same compliments. He threw his arms round his daughter, and pressed her in a close embrace, and then pulling the Orphan to him, said, "Come, my dear, let me, in my turn, (with an archness that made them both blush) wish that you may experience many such mornings; for well I ween this must have been an agreeable one: Yes, yes, my Sukey, confess to me, that in the spot where you enjoyed the greatest liberty, you have been made captive, and that your friend there, has also been deprived of his freedom? I see, in your looks,

in your eyes, that you have agreed to make me the happiest of parents."

Such goodness, such tenderness as these last expressions, conveyed, converted the confusion the first had thrown them into, to a painful, overbearing sensation of gratitude: Sukey flew into her father's arms, and in his honoured bosom concealed her blushes: The Orphan, at the same time falling on his knees, seized his hand, which he kissed with an affectionate reverence, saying, "Oh! excellent parent!—Father! (you have entitled me to call you!)—What satisfaction—what heart felt satisfaction do you communicate.—And can you think me—do you esteem me any way worthy the possession of this treasure—this all perfect, this enchanting maid—to obtain whose favour the submissive arduous labours of a whole life could scarce entitle the most accomplished man breathing? Oh! honoured parent, of the best of her sex, how shall I repay your goodness and generosity!—How, but by a perpetual attention to your peace and happiness—to the felicity of the arbitress of my fortune, and the delight and pride of my life!—Exalted man! who, forgetting all the circumstances of an unknown, perhaps obscure parentage,—can consider virtue and

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sincerity as more commendatory!—
May I, oh gracious Being! persevere in those principles and sentiments that have procured me the enjoyment of more bliss, than ever fure fell to the lot of mortality!"

The carasses of the Brronet, and the pleasing transport expressed by the fair one, were, if possible, as warm as the gratitude of the Orphan, who, in the profusion of happiness he at present experienced, forgot, and no wonder he should, the objections he had to overcome, and the obstinacy of his father, in his scheme for his future settlement, and breakfast was concluded before they occurred to his mind. In his present state the thought chilled all the blood in his veins, and caused so visible an alteration in his countenance, as alarmed his dear friends, who expressed a great concern, lest he should be attacked by some sudden indisposition. "Ah! my dear Sir, dear Miss," he replied, "forgive an uneasiness that amidst all the happiness which surrounds me, will intrude upon my mind;" He continued to inform them of Mr. Goldsmith's design, the perseverance he expressed, in every word and action, in it; enumerated the many and great obligations he had to him, his filial affection and reverential regard for that worthy patron;

tran; the fear and dread he was under, lest he should make him unhappy, by his refusal; and the determined resolution, however, he had formed, to die rather, on one hand, than forfeit his or his daughter's love, or, on the other, than to prove unnatural and ungrateful to his father. He, with his usual candour, spoke of Lucy, and without detracting from her worthy qualities of mind and person, instanced in what particulars she was exceptionable to him, and how contrary to his judgment and his duty, as a rational and accountable creature, it would be to contrast an union of that solemn importance, with a woman he could neither love nor approve. It was easy for them to perceive, that in his picture of Lucy, he had a contract in his eye; for every word he uttered on that head, was a tacit compliment to his dear Miss Thomas, who, with her father, kindly noticed it, and eagerly hung upon every word he spake. In mentioning Mrs. Jones, he treated her with all that equity which she so little deserved from him, and finally informed them of the motives to the advice of Mr. Goldsmith's friends, to send Lucy to her parents; their sympathetic concern in his troubles, and the designed visit of Mr. Jenkins to Mr. Goldsmith,

to endeavour to wean him from his absurd design; his apprehension of the event of which, he painted in the most affecting colours, and concluded thus: "You perceive now, dear Sir, in what an embarrassed situation I am involved, by the unfortunate circumstances of my becoming obliged to Mr. Goldsmith, who I certainly must love more than even a natural parent. Blinded by the fond views he has indulged of future happiness for me and Lucy, he thinks not that our minds have no relation, or ever can have, a relation to each other; that our tempers are so totally different, as must in course produce disgust, if not discord and alienation. So he promotes the letter of the sacred institution of matrimony, he inquires not if the spirit of it is likely to be fulfilled. This may arise from his never having entered into the felicitous union himself: Always his own master, neither biassed by the noblest connexion, and the most suitable to our nature and situation, either to, or impelled from any action he willed; he never, alas! knew the influence of female softness, in a wife, on his heart; has no idea of what unhappiness and misery different pursuits in a married pair will produce. Regulating himself by the reason and judgment
which

which directs all his actions, though full of loving-kindness, benevolence and charity, adorned with every virtue that can illustrate a human creature, he yet, in this one point cannot see that he acts rather from a motive of self gratification, though he thinks it flows simply from a regard to our future welfare. Yet this good parent I am-- must be, forced, not to make miserable. That would be a most sad return for all the merciful pains and care he has taken to save me from destruction, to ornament my soul with, and direct it to, the noblest principles and pursuits, and to raise me from the lowest condition of life, to all its rational enjoyments. Ah! if the endeavours of my dear friends do not prevail, I am lost for ever! Were I to render him miserable, in his declining days--you, Sir, that amiable maid-- would despise me--would have little esteem for a wretch, that could run counter to all the maxims of gratitude--of affection, and I should little deserve the supreme felicity of which you kindly bid me hope: But yet, I must not offend the divine Being, by prostituting the most solemn vows, by affirming untruths at his holy altar, by contracting obligations not in my power to perform. I must, though hard the task--I must practise

tise rather a negative kind of duty---I must, during his life, enter into no contract of marriage where my heart approves----I must sacrifice some years of arduous self-denial, if upon that condition, and no other, I can avoid the hated match, which he is about to propose---which every minute I dread his proposing to me, and the effect my denial will have upon the best of men. O! Sir--Madam---help me with your advice---bestow upon me your pity, in this exigency!"

The Baronet and his charming daughter admired his principles, and heard, with kind attention his complaints. The former told him he rather encreased his affection by his self-denying delicacy; bid him hope every thing from providence, and patiently wait the event of his friends interposition. "It is true," added he, "If Mr. Goldsmith persists, and should deprive you of his favour, you have here an asylum; you have here a parent—you have here a future partner of your days—and you have here an estate superier to his own—but all these will make you no adequate recompence for loss of peace of mind, for wounded honour, and for breach of gratitude. I see, it will be improper for me to appear, at present, in
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the matter ; otherwise I should, even in a day or two, have proposed the union to Mr. Goldsmith, which I exult in the contemplation of; which, perhaps, would make me miserable if not accomplished: But one of the first laws of nature, nay of religion, is to do as we would be done unto. By what I should feel in a disappointment, in the case before us, I well know how to estimate those feelings your father would experience, in consequence of his disappointment: Haply his scheme is not like mine; but the product of his mistaken love and tenderness: Mine founded on such principles as justify themselves—a union meditated where hearts and dispositions are similar—an union that reason dictates and approves; between two persons who seem born for each other. Self also, however, is connected with my design, as well as with his. The pride, the joy, the comfort of your alliance—to live in the view of your felicity—to leave my dear Sukey in the protection of a man of sense, piety, and virtue—to entail thereby as much as is in human power to do, benefits and comforts on my honest family and tenants, these no doubt are the effects that I think will repay me in your connection--You are both young--you may wait--you must wait

wait with patience---you will have still more opportunities of being endeared to each other. Cherish your mutual love, my amiable children, and depend upon it, heaven will complete our wishes---If at last, however, which I can never suppose, Mr. Goldsmith, after all honest attempts to open his eyes, should be inexorable, I will take upon me to repay him for all the charges he has been at for your bringing up and education, and then we will endeavour to make you as happy as you can wish, whilst you both shall display to him the affection of children. By heavens! I know of nothing that would give me more pleasure than to contribute to the bliss of that generous, honest man. No more, now, call yourself an outcast---a foundling--an orphan--think of nothing but the felicity you must, so please God, attain--think that lovely creature, whose eyes are now, I see, wet with sympathetic tears, will endeavour to reward you for all your sufferings.

At this conclusion, so generous, so benign, so considerate, the Orphan once more knelt before him, and seizing his hand, poured forth his acknowledgments. "I will, Sir,--honoured Sir," returned he, "think myself supremely blessed!--I have

have no more sorrows---no more regrets
--and oh! (turning to Miss Thomas, and
embracing her knees) most lovely inmate
of this grateful breast, if you but continue
to approve--if you deign to look upon me
with affection--under all the disadvantages
I labour---then can misfortune never reach
me--then, heaven will at length permit
me--transporting thought!--to pour the
balm of love into thy bosom--proudly to
exult in thy matchless virtues--thy transcen-
dent beauties--to watch over thy every
future step, to shield thee from care and
anxiety--to surrender at thy feet, a soul
congenial with thy own, that seems pro-
duced for the purpose of an union with
thine. And here, in this loved, this reve-
renced presence, let me vow to thee, per-
petual tenderness, unaltered truth, and un-
wounded constancy and fidelity!"

Reader, look upon this scene with eyes
that must glisten with delight! The beau-
teous maid, now freed from all restraint,
moved to the last degree with these last
words, fell on her knees beside him, and
throwing one lilly hand round his neck,
with the other clasped in his, said, "And
I, my all accomplished lover! the inmate,
the friend of this breast, promise on my
part to be ever true--to think of no man
but

but you--You--my first--my only love! To study by all my actions still to render myself more worthy of thee!" Then, both raised by the admiring father, and scared, she continued, "Your worth, your goodness of heart, promise me all the felicity that I can expect in this life--let us have patience, and wait the happy moment, when all difficulties may be removed--cheered with the frequent sight--the conversation of the man my heart approves, time will swiftly pass away--Let us, oh! let us, in return for such unexampled condescension--such uncommon parental tenderness--endeavour, by every word and action of our future lives, to make this honoured--this adored father--this best of men, happy.--Blessed God! what an assistant hast thou given me, in the pious task!--Yes, let us ever see the pleased, the approving smile upon that dear face--ever strive to soften the rigours of age, and the attacks of pain--let us live principally for that purpose! Oh! my father, what is it not I owe you!"

The look which accompanied these last words, expressed so much, that Sir Trevor was melted. "What--what," he exclaimed, "are all the riches--all the gratifications of this world, to what I now
expe-

experience—of joy—of extacy!—Oh! my daughter!—my Sukey!—my darling!—My son!—my heaven appointed son! May the merciful disposer of events, bless you and make you happy, both here and hereafter—happy as you do—as you must make me!”—He would have proceeded, but his heart was too full—a warm interchange of embraces succeeded, and perhaps, in this delightful moment, it would have been impossible to have produced such a supremely elevated and illustrious society.

The rest of the day was passed in mutual conversation and endearments, and now, free from all restraint, the young gentleman and lady enjoyed a liberty, which happy lovers well know how to improve, in virtuous and yet bewitching freedoms. Every moment made them dearer to each other: The temple was again visited, again, on that endeared spot, their vows were renewed, with still greater warmth and ardency.

It was the cool of the evening, when Sir Trevor, joining them, they adjourned to the orchard, at the bottom of which was an alcove, in which, often seated, himself and his darling daughter had contemplated the variegated blossom, the new-formed fruit,

fruit, its progressive ripening, and all the the various wonders of creation profusely scattered around them. Here seated the Orphan, as waked from a trance—said, “ Ah! Sir, forgive me—forgive me dear Miss—but you know what has passed—how little capable I have been of thinking of ought but the happiness I am raised to—Mr. Manley and his excellent spouse—I have not seen them; are they retired from your hospitable roof, or has any illness attacked the worthy pair?—I am eager to know their story—and yet fearful to give you the trouble of rehearsing it.”

Miss Thomas answered, “ I will satisfy you, with my father’s leave, Sir, in all your inquiries. Assure yourself they are happy—more happy than they have dared to hope for many years. They are gone from hence, but lest their best wishes for your health and welfare, acknowledgments for all your favours, and hope, in some time, to return and felicitate us upon our union; for they had given us, you must know, for help-mates to each other. The youth and Sir Trevor smiled, and signifying their attention, and desire she should proceed, she thus continued.

C H A P. VIII.

Story of Mr. Manley.

ABOUT a year and an half since, riding to Brinnmult, on a visit to a gentlewoman of my acquaintance, and being within sight of that village, my horse, by a sudden fright, flung me to the ground, and my habit was so entangled by the pommel of the saddle, that as the horse traversed to and fro, I was in the utmost danger of losing my life. At that moment I was sensible, calm, and serene, and no anxious thought but for my dear parent's grief for my loss, intruded into my breast. The servant that attended me I had sent before to give notice of my coming, and to deliver a message in his way. But I soon found myself upon the point of losing all sensation, when a friendly hand seized the horse by the bridle, and, at the same instant, freed me from my confinement. My senses were now lost—I swooned, and when I came to myself, found I was upon a bed in a neat cottage, attended by a decent, genteel female, who I never remembered to have seen before, and who was

using every method for my recovery, in her power. I soon recollected what had happened to me, and finding I could move, sat up upon the bed, thanked her for her care, and besought her to tell how I came there. "Madam," she replied, in the kindest accent, "Providence sent my husband to the spot where you lay, thrown from your pad, and seemingly in the arms of death: He ran, after he had disengaged you from the creature, and calling for my assistance, we conveyed you to our humble habitation; happy that it was our good fortune to administer relief, to a young lady, every way worthy of our love and veneration: Pray, Miss, repose yourself a little longer, your misfortune will render rest still very necessary and salutary."

Here the Orphan interrupted her, eagerly, "Gracious heaven!—is it possible!—and was I directed to be serviceable to the very persons that preserved the life of my charmer! Oh! happiness unutterable!—Dear and respected persons, can the assiduities of a whole life be any recompence for the invaluable blessing! O may you return swiftly to our embraces; to all the grateful returns I can make you! Oh! Sir, how wonderful are the dispensations of providence! Excuse me, my fairest, for
this

this interruption—but the whirl of ideas compelled me—Thrown from your horse!—groveling in the dust!—senseless!—dead!—Oh! God, the painful retrospection harrows up my very soul—that horse—that wretched horse—you shall never again mount upon him!” This apostrophe was answered by to Baronet, by an affectionate look, and by his daughter, with so sentimental a pressure of the hand, and such a tender smile as were indiscribably touching, and a full recompence for the anxiety he felt. After a moment’s pause, which was occasioned hereby, the lovely maid proceeded :

“The air of the speaker, her manner and behaviour, not a little surprised me; I knew I was upon my father’s estate, and was astonished I had never heard of, or seen those persons before; besides, the neatness, the more than ordinary propriety, in the furniture and accommodations of the little mansion, were so different from what we usually see, in such places, that I was convinced they were not persons accustomed to the abodes of poverty. I thanked her for her cares and assiduities; but desired to be helped from the bed, and sat down in a chair beside it. Mean time my preserver returned, loaded with some wine

and other refreshments, which he had taken, the trouble to fetch from the neighbouring village. He received my acknowledgments in a manner that charmed me, and shewed he was no stranger to politeness and decorum. I was offered the fare he brought, with so much gentility, that I could not refuse to partake of it and was greatly refreshed. "I think Sir," I said, "I am not far from the place where my accident happened, and if not, will intrude farther on your goodness, by beseeching you to step to Brinnult, where I have a servant, waiting at Mrs. Rogerson's, and to order him to come to me. I fear I shall be missed, the alarm reach my father, and it would, I know, give him great uneasiness: I will take care not to be ungrateful for all your kindness." "Madam," he returned, "I will fly to serve you," and that moment set out for the purpose directed. Mean time I held a discourse with my hostess, asked her how long she had resided in the cottage, and expressed my surprise that I never had heard of them; adding, "Had I known I had such a treasure in my neighbourhood, it would have given me great satisfaction. I fear you are in a condition inferior to what you have been accustomed to, and should have

have studied by every means in my power to have alleviated any care or misfortune you might labour under. My father lives not far from hence ; he would have been pleased also with your acquaintance : However, I beg your friendship, and in return accept of mine." " Ah ! dear Miss," she replied, " I know that you can be no other than the blooming, the excellent daughter of Sir Trevor Thomas, our generous landlord --every word you speak--your considerate and kind behaviour, convince me you must be that young lady, the fame of whose benevolence, and noble charities, is spread every where around, and has procured you so many thousand blessings and praises. May no misfortune ever visit you, my dear lady ; may uninterrupted bliss gild every passing day of your life, and may I be worthy of your esteem ! Better times have attended me, and I hope I shall not be found altogether undeserving of the honour you offer me." I perceived, at this conclusion, the tears standing in her eyes. I was prodigiously affected, and was going to answer, when her husband and my servant appeared. The servant was exceedingly frightened when he was told of my fall, and as pleased to see I had received no hurt, but a bruise upon my

my arm; and the skin scratched in a few places of my hands and face. I sent him immediately to Ithin Duon, with my horse, and orders for the coach to come to me, bidding him acquaint my father that I chose not to ride on horseback home, as I found the beast was very startlish; and not to inform him of the real occasion of his return without me. When the coach arrived, I would have persuaded my host and hostess to accompany me; but they declined my offer with such earnestness, as plainly proved to me, they should be pleased not to be moved from their retreat, and brought into public notice. I then, with as much delicacy, as I was mistress of, offered to make them accept of a present in return for their humanity and civility; this would likewise have been refused, if the positive manner in which I urged it, had not overcome their scruples. I parted from them with regret, resolving soon to visit them again, to prevail upon them, to make me the confidant of their secrets, and to do every thing in my power to alleviate any misfortune or distress that, clouded their enjoyments. In a few days being perfectly recovered of my hurts, I went to pay my visits at Brinmult, and returned from my friend's very early, proposing
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to call upon my preservers. I contrived it so, that I came upon them quite unawares, and leaving my horse in the hands of my servant, at some distance, made up to the hovel with as little noise as possible, and even came to the door without being noticed. Mr. Manley had his back turned towards me, and his wife, to whom he was talking, sat in such a manner that she could not discern my approach. I drew back a pace or two (my curiosity flowed from no idle, impertinent motive), and could hear their discourse. ‘My dear Maria,” he said, “your despondency alarms and terrifies me: Whilst with a noble fortitude you looked down upon our misfortunes, without complaint or murmur, as the dispensation of that providence we adore, and the unavoidable lot of mortals, I can truly say I never felt them too severely. The little by which we scantily support nature, which is all that fortune has left us, it is true is now exhausted, and but for that lovely lady, of whom we are so enamoured, we had ere now experienced more hardship than I can reflect upon with patience, considering you are involved in my calamity: But even here you see the goodness of heaven: Employing in shielding and restoring to life that amiable creature

creature; we performed barely our duty: The reward she bestowed, which it went so against us to accept, has supported us ever since, and is not yet exhausted. Whilst some part of it at least remains, I will cheerfully apply to my neighbours, though yet I have exchanged few words with any of them, for some sort of work, by the wages whereof we may honestly support nature. Let me not think of what we have been, but to what we are now reduced: These hands, however, unused to labour, will, when Maria is the object, learn readily to wield the flail, or to use the spade; for I see no probability of succeeding in setting up the business of a Pædagogues, which is what has some time employed my thoughts, in this part of the country, where the common people, bred up to industrious manual labour, know not the value or the necessity of knowledge: But, if you, my dear, cast yourself down, if these lovely eyes cease to inspirit me, I shall be unnerved to all pursuits whatever, and we must lie down, recommend ourselves to God, and find an end to all our woes in death. Rather, my Maria, let us strive to protract life longer—we have expectations yet of future felicity, and we have this joyful consolation, that
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by no imprudence, no crime of ours, we have provoked heaven to anger, which only means to try us in the school of adversity, for its own wise ends and purposes."

"Ah! my dear," the lady replied, "I have no concern for myself; but can I bear to see the best of men and husbands, fervilely employed in low and mean drudgery and not repine? This cottage has to me, in your loved society, been an abode of happiness and peace; but if I must be supported by those hands, which were ever otherwise employed, which were ever open to the wants of others; if I must see the sweat fall from that brow, by rigid toils, which nature never intended thee for—can I eat, can I drink at that price? No, I never can. It is true, my constitution will not permit me to make the same offer: Yet I have some hope that the worthy lady, who was lately here, will take me, or recommend me to some place, in which I might give satisfaction. Mean time, my dear husband might dispose of this scanty household stuff, and with what little money it may produce, depart to Portugal, where my uncle, who no doubt, has long ago wailed our ills, would, I am sure, gladly receive thee, and place thee in a situation, that might once again put us in the
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rode to happiness, if not to our former opulence. To be sure, our separation would be cruel, but not so cruel as to see thee working like a slave, and shortening that precious life by incessant fatigue and labour. Indeed, I fear we have been too incommunicative, a usual fault in persons who fall from the height we once experienced; they disdain to call for the charity or assistance of their friends and companions; but can it be more mortifying than to mingle with wretches, who have little semblance of humanity, save their make, and have no conception of delicacy, or decorum: Indeed! indeed! Mr. Manley, we believe we have retired from the world, through a praise-worthy modesty, a noble elevation of mind; but let us impartially look into ourselves, and we shall discover that a mean, a groveling pride actuated, and still continues to actuate us; and if so, how must the great discerners of hearts look upon us: Oh! my dear, let me not beg in vain—relinquish your present resolution—let my advice weigh with you, and when Miss Thomas comes again, I will propose the affair to her—we have heard she cannot look upon distress without commiserating and relieving it—and sure never can relief be bestowed where it is more
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pressing! Oh! father of mercies, succour us in this dreadful moment!—let not the petitions of thy servants be rejected—Mean and unworthy as we are, let the light of thy countenance shine upon us.—Are we not told—*call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee?* Be it so, oh! gracious Being, if so it seemeth good in thy sight!”

I could hear no more; but bursting in upon them, cried, “Forgive me, my dear friends, forgive a curiosity that has been painful to me—I have heard your conversation. I have heard more than, perhaps, your delicacy would ever have permitted you to impart to me—and behold, I come to relieve all your necessities, to cheer your hearts with the cordial of friendship—to partake of your griefs.” So saying I embraced the worthy woman, already dear to my sympathising breast; held her in my arms, and received in my bosom the sighs, the sobs, the tears of gratitude that I had occasioned, whilst the husband falling on his knees, first, in a fervent ejaculation, returned thanks to heaven for this miracle, as he stiled it, in their favour, and then loaded me with thanks and praises, which however delicately expressed, made me uneasy, and called up blushes in my cheeks.

At length, somewhat, calmed, we sat down together; my servant was called, and I sent him to Brinnmult for some refreshments, and never spent a few hours with more content and pleasure. Being about to depart, I said, “you have promised me your friendship,—you shall have my sincere affection—therefore you must take nothing amiss that I propose. Here are ten guineas in this purse of yours, for so I am resolved it shall now be called—it will be no difficulty to me to keep that sum always in it—I insist upon it that you want for nothing—that you, Sir, no more talk of your scheme of labour; but endeavour to live here (since you refuse to sojourn at Ithin Duon, and desire still to be concealed) till you hear some news from the quarter you expect. Here I shall have the felicity to enjoy the charms of unaffected friendship, and, if I am not too troublesome, will often be your visitor. As you have a promised me your history, we shall find proper time to be acquainted with it, and in any thing you are interested, depend upon my father’s good offices and ready assistance, when you choose to make yourself known to him. At present, my dearest friends, adieu! At these words, once more embracing Mrs. Manley, I suddenly

denly starting from them, mounted my horse, resolving not to hear those acknowledgments, that I knew must follow: They both ran to the door, attempted to bid me farewell; but the tears that stood in their eyes, their swelling bosoms, denied utterance to their words: I bowed and waved my hand as we rode off, and arrived at home fully pleased and gratified with what had passed, and when retired to my closet, did not fail to bless God, for the opportunity he had afforded me, of doing service to persons, who seemed so much to merit it.

From this time my visits were frequent, the amiable Mrs. Manley, whose real worth I soon discovered, attracted my love and esteem, by those excellent qualities and that goodness of heart she possessed, and Mr. Manley, I found a most engaging companion; he seemed to have imbibed all the knowledge that ancient and modern science could impart; he understood the dead, and many living languages, and added thereto the accomplishments of a polite and fine gentleman. In short, I became quite enamoured of their society, and spent more time with them than was consonant to my attendance on the best of fathers, and the duties of my station. Of-

often I urged them to fling themselves upon his protection; but as I perceived the proposal was not agreeable, I accepted the excuses they made: And, without great pains, I could never get them to tell me the state of their finances, in order to yield them proper supplies, so great was their modesty, disinterestedness, and fear of being thought too troublesome. Thus several months rolled away, in which though I own, I longed to hear their story; yet I checked my curiosity, willing to wait till they themselves thought proper to relate it. It happened however, as I was riding one day over to them, through the lane which terminates about a quarter of a mile from their cottage, I heard, on the other side of the hedge, a child weeping piteously, and a female voice harshly, and in vulgar accents, employed in soothing it, and promising, when they came to the great house, it should have some food. My heart melted at the words; I had in my pocket some cakes, of my own making, which I was carrying as a present to Mrs. Manley, and turning round into the field, I soon reached the objects of my compassion, a fine boy, seemingly about three years old, struggling in the arms of a woman, whose garb betrayed *variety of wretchedness,*

edness, as the poet says ; whose hue plainly discovered her to be one of that pernicious, wandering, medicant sisterhood, we call gypsies, and who did not seem to fondle or sympathize with the infant, either with the action or the speech of a real mother. I alighted, and offered my cakes to the child, who eagerly devoured them, and then ran to me, holding up its little arms, in token of fondness and acknowledgements, whilst the wretch his companion seemed confused, and scarcely raised her eyes from the ground. My servant being with me gave me courage, and suspecting the child had been stolen for the purposes of her trade, I severely questioned her about him, and told her my suspicions ; to which I received such answers, as at once justified them. A little more discourse, and a promise of pardon and reward, drew the whole mystery from her ; but she knew nothing of the child's parents ; it had been but a few days in her hands, in trust for another gypsey, who was following her calling, in a distant part of Wales. I was resolved, however, to shield the pretty fellow from further misfortune, and though I knew she deserved punishment for her infamous vagrant life ; yet, as my promise was passed, let her go, giving her a piece of money in exchange.

for her nurseling, who would by no means come near her, but kept close to me, taking hold of my gown, and scarcely suffered my man to take him up before him, crying to stay with me : With our prize we went to Mr. Manley's cottage, who with his wife were much surprised at the sight ; but no sooner had I told my adventure, than Mrs. Manley turning pale, exclaimed, " Vile wretch ! that could deprive parents of such a child, and make their hearts bleed for its loss ! Ah ! why gracious God ! does not thy thunder transfix them ! Why are not such pests of society rooted from the face of the earth ! Here the child ran to her, and standing at her knee, called out Mamma ! with such clamour as could not be stilled. She threw her arms about its neck, and exclaimed, " Ah ! would to God, my dear, I were thy real mother : but that endearing name no more belongs to me ! However, my poor infant, we will share with thy kind protectress in the care of thee, if she will permit us. Would to God we could restore thee to thy father and mother ; too well, alas ! I know what they must suffer by the loss of thee ! Oh ! I have experienced it all ! " At these words her tears flowed apace, whilst Mr. Manley strove

to console her, and I was concerned that, by bringing this child, I perhaps, had excited the grievous remembrance of the death of a child of her own. I sent my man to the village to borrow some clean clothes for it, of the lady, my acquaintance, who had some children, which as soon as he returned with, we stripped and washed him all over, and when dized out, he appeared to be ten times more amiable than before: But whilst all this was performing, Mrs. Manley wept incessantly, and her expressions which she uttered by fits and starts, plainly evidenced the disorder of her mind, which made me determine to send him directly to my father's. We could with difficulty prevail upon him to go with the servant, after promising him play-things and pleasures, calculated to captivate such little folks. When I had dispatched him, I asked pardon of Mrs. Manley, for my giving her so much trouble, particularly, as it had recalled some painful occurrences to her mind, my ignorance of which, I hoped would prove my excuse. "Oh! my dear Miss," she returned, "it is I that ought to beg pardon—I have offended—to give you the least uneasiness after your having displayed so much christian charity, and so much humanity :

manity : But, madam, the loss of the dear infant, which I once suffered, has dwelt perpetually upon my mind ; will remain there till the last moment of my life, and strew thorns on my pillow." She would have proceeded ; but, Mr. Manley, addressing himself to me, said, " Madam, our benefactress ! it is time you should know somewhat of the subjects of your goodness : I see my wife's condition upon the late occasion, has given you a very sensible uneasiness : If it is now not disagreeable, I am ready to myself that honour, tho' it will recal things to my mind, which I should be glad to bury for ever in oblivion. I would have excused him the task ; but before I could well say so much, he delivered himself in, nearly as I can remember, the following words :

" I drew my first breath in the metropolis of Great Britain : My father, who was a younger son of an honourable family, was a very eminent merchant, trading to Portugal, and my mother was the only daughter and heiress of an opulent alderman of London. As they were very rich, and I was the only child, every care was taken of my education to fit me for the rank and fortune I seemed born to inherit ; and after passing the usual time
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at Merchant-Taylor's School, I was sent to Orford, to finish my studies; not with a view to any of the learned professions, but to qualify me for bearing such a part in the legislature of my country, as my family and estate might entitle me to. When I came from the university, after staying some time at home, I was sent to make the grand tour, in which, without learning the vices, I acquired a knowledge of the laws, constitutions, trade, and manners of the countries I visited, and returned to England, such as my parents, in their warmest hopes, could wish me to be. I was not long after elected a member of the British senate, in which my father had long had a seat, which he had filled with the entire satisfaction of the constituents. About this period, I lost the best of mother's, and not two years after, a father, from whom it was an honour to be descended. As his concerns had been very extensive, it required me to make a voyage to Lisbon and Oporto, and involved me in such a scene of business, as for some years made me a perfect slave; but at length I settled all my affairs, and remained in possession of a landed estate of 800l. per annum, in Somersetshire, and of about 100,000l. in cash and good securities. At
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a relation's house in Westminster, with whom I had some monied connections, I first beheld, at this time, my dear Maria, and was enamoured of her beauty and her accomplishments; and though her fortune was small, I followed the dictates of reason, and she became the wife of an husband, who still views his union with her virtues, as the most fortunate event of his life. For many years our lives were chequered with no other than common events. Fond of each other, we spent our days together in domestic peace and happiness, in the care of our estate, and in doing all the good within the compass of our neighbourhood or acquaintance. But this serene situation was not to be always our lot: Clouds were gathering around us, which we had never dreamt of, and our afflictions arose from the practice of those laws, which it is the duty of rational creatures to comply with. My Maria had one brother unprovided for at the time of our marriage; so deserving, so amiable a youth, I don't remember to have seen; but his good qualities were attended with a certain imbecility of mind, which made him the tool of his passions. These passions, it is true, were not directed to any criminal gratifications in himself; but the
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exorbitant indulgence, even of the most praise-worthy affections, may some times degenerate into a crime. By my interest, I procured him a very lucrative place in the revenue; but the security being 40,000*l*. I became one of his sureties, and privately indemnified a friend to become the other. Less I thought I could not do for the brother of the woman, to whom I owed all my earthly happiness. The first imprudent step he took, was to marry a needy woman of quality, merely captivated by her external form, without inspecting into the depravity of her heart. The consequence was, launching out into unbounded expence, and partaking of every fashionable folly and gaiety. Though his income was near two thousand pounds annually, it scarce half sufficed to gratify the appetite of his lady for pleasures. She gamed high, lost great sums of money, which, such a tame dupe she had made him, he always founds means to pay; and, in return, she fed him up with promises, of what her illustrious family would do for them; who, indeed, though their estates were eat out nearly with mortgages, had some influence with the minister. It was long before the news of this manner of living reached us, in our remote situation

in the country, and not till, by various pretences, my brother-in-law had obtained, at several times, the loan of as much or more, than the sum I was security for. These advices made us uneasy; but we had too good an opinion of his integrity, to be uneasy upon any account but his own. My wife wrote to him, and freely informed him of the reports that reached our ears, expostulated with him thereon, invited him and his lady to spend some time at our seat, and exhorted them to break off their present connexions. But before we could receive an answer from himself, we heard the melancholy news, that he was gone off to France, that his goods and equipages had been seized; that his lady was retired to her friends, and finally, that I should be called upon, as he had embezzled fifty thousand pounds of the government's money. These tidings of a brother we loved so well, you may imagine, Madam, threw us into the utmost affliction; and it had such an effect upon my wife, as alarmed me, and forced me to stifle the regrets I felt: Indeed we had no children; but the loss of 80 or 90,000*l.* in so idle a manner, which was an instance of my folly and want of judgment, was not to be palliated. I was obliged to set out post for
London,

London, where I found every thing just as we were informed, nor could I obtain the least mitigation of the sums I was engaged for, though I even applied to his wife's father, who was in great credit with the then administration. Perhaps, had I voted implicitly with the court party I had received more favour.

Soon after my wife arrived, and also a letter from her unfortunate brother, who had got to Paris, but had carried off so small a sum with him, that he was in the utmost distress. Though he had too much generosity of soul, fallen as he was, to ask any further favour of me, and only mentioned that circumstance, as an instance of his not having converted any cash to his own private use; yet, as he seemed full of contrition and despair, for his usage of so good and kind a friend and relation, and ascribed all his misfortunes to their true cause, his blind fondness for his unreasonable and vile wife, I privately remitted him 500*l.* for his present occasions, and informed him, if he would go to Lisbon, and apply himself to mercantile business, I would answer any bills he should draw, to the amount of 2000*l.* At the same time cautioning him against imposing again upon a brother, whom, already he had

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made sufficiently unhappy, and a sister, whom his conduct and misfortune had deprived so much of health and happiness: With an injunction also, to have no manner of correspondence or concern with his wife or her friends, who seemed little affected with his catastrophe, on pain of losing our affection and friendship for ever. His sister wrote still more pressingly on this head, and we had soon an answer, expressing his confusion and gratitude upon our goodness to him, promising to comply with all our directions and desires, and concluding with the following words: "I go, my dear brother, to the destined spot—Providence, I hope, will prosper my designs, and will enable me, before I die, to make you some return for the great losses I have occasioned you, and wipe away from your minds, the grief and affliction I have caused you, by my imprudent and unworthy conduct."

Thus, in a few years, I was dispossessed of a sum of money, which was of itself a superb fortune; but another misfortune soon followed upon the heels of this, which otherwise I could have borne more patiently. An opposition was formed by the ministry, at the next general election, for the borough I had so long represented.

Warm

Warm with the principles of patriotism and liberty, which I knew were struck at through my sides, I stood the election at my own expence, and even refused, with disinterested generosity, the offers of several of my friends, to support me upon the occasion. My borough was a populous one, and the voters numerous. I had an evident majority upon the canvas, and most of the men of property and integrity were for me: However the court resolved to carry it through, and as the treasury was open to them, I was in no condition to bribe above them. I sacrificed however, near 16,000*l.* upon the occasion, such was my madness! and should certainly have carried my point, had not the dissenters from some confident assertions against me, which had not the least foundation in truth, one of which was, that I was a friend to persecution, and an enemy to toleration, deserted me to a man on the day of trial. Here vanished not only the residue of my personal fortune; but I was obliged to mortgage parcel of my freehold estate, to clear my bills. However, I had still wherewith to live with decency, if not in grandeur and my Maria and myself continued to enjoy that happiness which our losses could not destroy. We very

quietly laid down our equipages, discharged our unnecessary servants, reserving only one man and two maids, and a couple of saddle horses; and having let out our seat with the furniture, retired to Bristol, resolving to apply myself also to merchandise, the sooner to retrieve my fortune. For this purpose, as soon as settled, I wrote to an uncle of my wife's who is a considerable merchant at Oporto, who consigned, several cargoes to me, and I made him returns proper for the Portuguese market; and our unfortunate brother, also, hearing that I had entered into trade, sent me several commissions, which were executed to our mutual advantage. However I met soon with losses, which my inexperience and want of a regular initiation in trade, subjected me to, and which more than balanced my gains. So that I was resolved to give over before matters became worse, and follow my Maria's advice, which was to live contentedly and frugally, upon our present income, and give over all thoughts of every thing but domestic happiness and friendship. I yielded to her advice, tho' it went much against the grain; for my temper, as you may have observed, madam, was too warm and precipitate, my mind too soon inspired with hopes of pre-
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sent advantages, though the prospects were distant, and my honest frank way of thinking, and the benevolence of my heart laid me too open to any invader. It unluckily soon after happened, that three eminent merchants of my acquaintance imparted to me a scheme, which could not miss of producing immense profits to the adventurers. In fact, it was to fit out two ships, with European goods, upon a contraband trade to the South-seas, in which, even two persons of the greatest quality in the nation had promised to be concerned, as well as a wise minister at the court of Madrid. This undertaking was attended with so few hazards, considering the intelligence we had received from our Spanish friends, and the probable advantages were so extraordinary, that I thought I deserved the frowns of fortune, if I refused to court her smiles, and embarked in it with all the spirit of a merchant, and the sanguine eagerness of a projector, though my out-set alone amounted to 15,000*l.* to raise which I was obliged not only to mortgage the rest of my estate, but to borrow 2000*l.* of my wife's uncle, before mentioned; who, as I had suffered so much from the family, thought he could by no means, with honour, deny my request; and sending for

my brother, I, under an oath of secrecy, imparted the affair to him in such flattering lights, that he left his growing business at Lisbon, and engaged to go as one of the supercargoes. Every thing being settled, and proper securities given on all sides, we freighted two ships, one of 200 tons burden, laden with the goods proper for the adventure; the other as a tender, of about 100 tons, not only so laded, but fitted as a vessel of war, though peace reigned between the two crowns. They were manned with choice seamen, used to the West-India trade, and commanded by approved officers, who had formerly been concerned in the Buccaneersing traffic, in the West-Indies. We cleared them at the custom-house, for Jamaica, and they sailed with a favourable wind, and proper instructions for the voyage. So far, all went prosperously on, and for two years we possessed in imagination, the riches of Croesus, having several times heard from Jamaica, and last from the Brazils, of the safety of the ships, and the health of the crews, who preserved it to a surprising degree. Mean time I, with my Maria, lived as frugally as possible, and our happiness was increased by the birth of a lovely boy, the first pledge of our mutual affection.

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The next news we heard gave us inexpressible torment: The great man, our partner, at Madrid, was disgraced, and lost all his influence, and soon after another thunderclap broke over us. Our largest ship was taken off Payta, by three stout guardacostas, the cargo confiscated, and the crew sent to work in the mines of Baldivia. The other ran for it, and got into Rio Janeiro, where she was found so leaky and rotten, that she was condemned, and the money applied to the use of the crew, and other incidents. This last advice we had from my brother, in a most melancholy letter, who ascribed the ill success they had met with to his own malignant fortune, and told us he resolved never more to see his native country. Thus ended all my dreams of wealth, and I was now obliged to part with my estate, for the additional sum of 1500*l.* which was all I was now possessed of, and three parts of which soon went to satisfy the private debts I had necessarily contracted. Dreadful now were my thoughts! I had no comfort but in the fortitude and patience with which my Maria bore this reverse of fortune! But alas! considering all my transactions, and weighing them in the scale of reason, I found enough to accuse myself

myself of; and bitterly, every hour, reproached my folly and credulity. I looked with pain on our charming boy, who was now born to poverty and distress, and converted every circumstance into a double weight of despair. I forgot my trust in providence; nay I impiously murmured against the dispensations of heaven. Whilst I was mournfully casting about for some employment, whereby to support myself and family, I was punished for my despondency and rebellion, in a still severer manner: A relation, by my mother's side, who was at the head of the finances, in Ireland, hearing of my misfortunes, kindly invited me into that kingdom, with an assurance of obtaining me a considerable post in his department. Such an offer, after all my promising friends, and the buzzing insects who had rejoiced in the summer of my days, had forsaken me, gave me, you may be sure, Madam, infinite satisfaction, and I prepared to accept the offer. We now retained about us but one servant, a young gentlewoman, my wife had formerly rescued from distress, and who had been bred up from twelve years of age in my family, and was now become the nurse and attendant upon our child. An opportunity offered for our passage

sage to Dublin; but not having completed some necessary business, I could not myself embrace it; however, as the voyage was short, and the season of the year propitious, in an ill hour, I persuaded my wife to let Miss Horton and the child go in the vessel, which had many conveniencies to make their little voyage commodious, and the master was a humane man, and my friend. With much reluctance she at length consented, and giving Miss Horton a letter to my kind relation, we saw them depart with tears: Little—oh little did we dream of the misery we were about to be involved in! Some days after we embarked ourselves, arrived safe at Dublin, and were received rather as welcome, valued guests, than as dependants, stripped of fortune, and under the deepest affliction: But, alas! no tidings of the ship and Miss Hurton, or our dear baby! For some time we flattered ourselves, as the weather had been boisterous, for two or three days after their departure, that they had been forced to put into some harbour on the coast of Wales, or in the west of Ireland: Alas! our hopes deceived us, and dreadful was the confirmation of all our fears. It was soon known, that the vessel had foundered upon the coast of Wales, and that all the crew

crew, but the master and mate, and one common sailor perished. This advice we received from the owner, to whom I had repeatedly wrote for intelligence, and it was confirmed by the mate, who soon after arrived in another ship at Dublin, and waited upon us. He informed us, that they had time enough to get out their boats, into the smallest of which Miss Horton, half dead, and the child, with two seamen, were put, and bid fair to reach the land; but that he saw them overset, and go to the bottom: That their own boat was soon filled, the sea running mountains high, and that providentially their distress was noticed by another vessel in company, who lay to, with a generous design to save all they could, and half dead with struggling with the waves, found means to take the two before-mentioned, with himself, on board, three others that were in the boat perishing before, by their sides. In vain, for some months, were the endeavours of our kind friend and his lady, to calm the transports of our sorrow. My Maria, overcome with this last and worst misfortune, drooped and fell into a violent fever, the deliriums of which, are too dreadful, even to remember. I, accusing my own rashness and precipitancy,

as the cause of this, as well as all my other misfortunes, given over to the blackest despair, and impiously accusing heaven, was with difficulty, prevented from laying violent hands upon myself. But, my Maria, whose mind was more impressed with the dictates of her duty to her maker, recovered again, though a spectacle of silent woe not to be looked upon without distraction; and her soothing cares, the efforts she made to stifle her own cruel regrets, in order to soften mine, in some measure restored me to consideration and patience. In short, my concern for the dear partner of my heart, in time, inspired me with more fortitude, and our friend having performed his promise, we began to enjoy some outward respite from our calamities; tho' the loss of our promising son, and the valued young lady, perpetually gnawed our hearts, which our mutual tenderness made us struggle to conceal. Thus twelve years tediously rolled away. I will not, my dear lady, detain you long with the rest of this *eventful history*. There was still somewhat behind, to fill up the measure of our misfortunes. Complaints having arrived from the court of Spain, of our late violation of treaties, and the names of the undertakers of the voyage to their settlements,

lements, though so much time had elapsed, being discovered by the papers found on board the ship taken by the guarda costas; a proclamation was issued for the apprehending us. Of this sad circumstance my friend had notice, just time enough for us to fly, at midnight, as the next day, the very next day, the proclamation was to be published in Dublin. It was happy for us, that my inevitable danger prevented immediate reflection. Taking the small sum of money, about fifty pounds, I had by me, and fifty guineas more, which our friend would insist upon our accepting, with my dear disconsolate Maria, we reached a little village upon the sea coast, where we lay concealed at tenant's of our friend, who received orders to procure a vessel for our transportation to France. It was here, most amiable Lady, that I resolved not to trust to a foreign clime, but putting on homely weeds, to get a passage to some part of Wales, in one of the fishing boats, which perpetually sailed from the place of our residence for that coast, and forgetting what we were, to shelter ourselves in some cottage amongst the wilds and mountains of this principality, there wait for more propitious times, or end our days in rural peace and contentment, resigning ourselves

ourselves to the disposal of that providence, we had too much offended ; but which we found now our only hope and support. An opportunity soon offered of putting our scheme into execution ; we arrived safe at St. David's, where, concealed, we staid some years : At length, having lodged my Maria somewhat more commodiously, with persons who had entertained a friendship for us, and liking that part of Wales, as being nearest for intelligence, from the place I came from, I traversed that and the neighbouring county of Carmarthen, to seek out a securer retreat, when providence directed me to Brinnult, and to the company of Mr. Morris, your worthy steward, of whom I took this habitation, concealing from him my real condition : But I must own, one great inducement was, the character I heard of the excellent Sir Trevor and yourself, Madam ; happy I thought myself, though I might never be known to you, that I could take up my residence, after a life of turmoil and bitterness, on a spot, sacred to all the virtues that can adorn human nature, and where the divine preserver of mankind, seems to have showered down his favours on every thing around me. Having, with Mr. Morris's assistance, put the place into

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tolerable repair, I returned to St. David's and brought my Maria, to whom my long absence had been painful, to this happy abode, where we have enjoyed more real felicity, than in any other period of our lives. We entered into ourselves, we purged our hearts of all worldly desires, we adored the great cause of all things, we learned to look up to that benign and transcendently merciful Creator, as the disposer of all human events, and to resign ourselves to his mercy. Once only I have heard from my relation at Dublin, since here situated, to whom I sent a letter with a direction where to find us, as soon as we were settled, in which he informed us, that the noise made about our affair, began to subside, that my partners and particularly those in London, had found friends at both courts, and as no injury had been sustained by the Spaniards; but on the contrary, they had made a very valuable capture, he hoped matters would end better than we expected. Upon these assurances I forbore to enter into any business, and we lived as simply as we could, upon the little pittance we brought with us, cultivating our little spot, and mutually employed in comforting each other under our afflictions, of which the fatal loss of
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our child was the severest, and, as you may observe, Madam, by the late incident, still cruelly preys upon my Maria's spirits, notwithstanding near twenty years has rolled away since. Though the circumstances of the infant you so generously succoured, were so totally different; yet the sight of it recalled all her maternal fondness and griefs, and threw her into the condition you beheld, and which, now you know the cause, I hope you will with your wonted generosity excuse. No incidents have occurred since our abode here, worthy your notice; we have had little connexion, but what was necessary, with our neighbours, not from any remains of pride, but from our solitary disposition, the melancholy our misfortunes have impressed, and the fear I was under of a discovery: But never let me cease to bless the father of mercies that made me the happy instrument of saving the precious life of the best and most accomplished of her sex! I guessed it was Miss Thomas, as she rode by our cottage, and brought out my Maria to take one look at a lady, whose praises we had heard from so many tongues, when we were terrified with the accident, that in that moment put you into such imminent danger. I ran directly

to the spot, and was fortunate enough to disengage you from your dreadful situation. What followed, Madam, you well know. The subjects of your generosity, your bounty; those whom you have with such a heaven-taught beneficence succoured, have, it is true, no immediate means of making any return, but by their sincere and unaffected prayers to that Being, whose laws are the measure of all your actions, for your health, your uninterrupted happiness, and that of your excellent parent. May no cloud, no misfortune ever lour over you! may you ever reap that supreme felicity which must flow from your goodness and exalted humanity!"

Here he ceased; I sympathized with the worthy, tho' imprudent relater, and with his amiable consort, whose tears flowed incessantly; I said all I could to console them; I asked pardon for any disrespect I might have been guilty of, unknowing their rank and merit, and made some reflections on what I had heard, and the goodness of providence, that somewhat relieved them from their painful sensations: From this time I studied every way to alleviate their chagrin; I took care they wanted for nothing; though their moderate desires were too soon satisfied, and over
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and over pressed them to partake of the advantages which might be reaped at Ithin Duon : But he was too fearful of a discovery of himself, to accept the proposal, though he declined it in the most polite manner, and I never, even to my dear father, betrayed their secret, notwithstanding I knew it would have been safe in his breast, and he wondered not a little at the many days, more than usual, that I absented from home, for the sake of their agreeable company and conversation. It happened, however, that Mrs. Manley was suddenly attacked by a fever, the consequence of a cold, when some particular attendance at home had prevented my visiting them for some days ; and so bad she was, that her poor husband was in the utmost dilemma ; fearful to leave her a moment, lest she should expire in his short absence, and yet longing and earnestly praying for immediate assistance. It was in that dreadful moment, that heaven directed you, generous youth, to their cottage ; it was from your humanity and presence of mind, that the worthy Maria's life was preserved : He wanted not the money you put into his hands ; but the action was so sudden, his surprise so great, and your departure so considerably precipitate, that

he had not the power to return it: When he last saw you here, he considered it would have been indelicate to attempt it, and therefore the obligation is left with me to discharge. As soon as you had left them, he dispatched a messenger with a letter to me, and making some excuse to my father, I hurried over to them. I found Mrs. Manley had been in a profuse sweat, the consequence of your treatment of her disorder, and that, though weak, her fever had left her. They related your behaviour in terms of the utmost gratitude, they were profuse in the praises of your person and manners, and Mrs. Manley added, "Oh! dear Miss, would to God we may see him again—our deliverer—our other guardian angel—a mind so like your own—such sympathetic tenderness—such generosity of soul—if there was ever a youth that deserved you—this must be he.—I could not help blushing, and yet I will now own the truth: By their description of your person, I flattered myself it was the young gentleman I had seen at Llanelly, and whose image was always present to me in idea; the thought pleased me, and this instance of his goodness, gave him still a higher place in my esteem: I hoped it was no other—my hopes have been

been gratified—I behold a partner in my kind offices, and in the first instance in which we have co-operated, they were providentially directed to the same objects. Thus the man I am proud to say, I love, made some return for the preservation of my life, to these respected persons.—I will take it as an instance, that heaven smiles upon our affection, an affection warranted by the best of parents, and which, I make no doubt, will, at last, be crowned with the consent of your honoured patron and father, the good Mr. Goldsmith. Pardon, dear Sir, excellent youth, this digression: I will return to my narrative: I now used every persuasion to induce them to remove to our house: I vanquished all their objections, and sending for the coach, we safely arrived there, and conveyed the lady to an apartment proper for her, and put her to bed. Afterwards, whilst Mr. Manley waited in another room, I informed my father of the guests he had under his roof, and in short, as briefly as I could, of their whole story. How surprised I was, when he told me Mr. Manley was a distant relation of my mother's, you may well imagine: I need not tell you, after the behaviour, of this excellent father towards us, after what you have seen of the generosity,

sity, the humanity of his disposition, how greatly he applauded me, and with what hospitable cordiality he entertained his visitors. They soon felt interchangeably a warm friendship for each other, and my father took upon himself to write to their relation in Dublin, from whom he received a packet, in return, which made them as happy, as any thing in this world could make them; for the sad loss of their infant will never cease to wound their breasts. The packet contained an excuse for not writing of so long a space, from the relation, which he made appear would have been dangerous; an account that means had been found to palliate matters, both with the British and Spanish courts; and an invitation to repair to Dublin, as soon as possible, to take possession of his old post. Another letter was from Mrs. Manley's uncle in Portugal, acquainting of the loss of his wife and only son, complaining of his age and declining health, desiring them to come over to receive his last breath, and to take possession of a fortune, which would be some compensation for what they had suffered by his nephew. The third letter was from that brother, dated Brazils, which contained still more interesting intelligence. He had rendered

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ed himself so agreeable to a Portuguese merchant there, who had no family, that he had taken him into partnership, and promised to leave him all he was worth; that being already possessed in his own right, of 3000 moidores, he had remitted 1500l. to a house in London, as part of the debt he owed him, only begging Mr. Manley to forgive him, that he could not yet forget his wife, however unworthy she had made herself of his love, and desired him to see if she wanted any assistance, and in such case, to let her have 2 or 300l. of the sum remitted. There was a letter also of compliment to my father, from the gentleman at Dublin, with a desire that he would advance to Mr. Manley, what money he wanted for his journey and passage to that city, and draw upon him for it: Such a tide of fortunate intelligence, almost overpowered the good couple; they, in disordered fits and starts of acknowledgment, expressed their gratitude to heaven, and were for a day or two unable to converse with their usual freedom. "Ah," Mrs. Manley said to us, "why are we rescued from distress—why is this new prospect of riches—when alas! he that should have enjoyed them is now no more!" "But, my dear," her husband

husband replied, “ we shall now have an opportunity to shew a proper sense of the favours we have received of this worthy lady and her excellent father—of the amiable youth, who has since blessed our eyes—can our wealth flow in better channels—can we leave it to more eligible hands, than those that will, by dispensing it to the wants and necessities of their fellow-creatures, atone for the frailties or crimes of those who acquired it. Let us but live to see the lovely Miss Thomas happy in the arms of that generous youth—we can have few other earthly joys to ask of heaven, and then may wait till the moment that shall remove us to the pure regions of the *blessed Spirits made perfect*, where already our lovely child joins the chorus of exulting saints.” In this temper the generous pair departed from Ithyn Duon, and we have heard, by a short but affectionate letter since, that they are safely arrived; that they are going to embark for Lisbon, he having declined the resumption of his post, and that we should hear from them at their arrival there; concluding with the sincerest respects to my father, self, and you, and hoping to spend their latest hours in our society.”

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Here the charming maid concluded her narration, during which the Orphan had been variously affected. He sympathized in the misfortunes and distresses of Mr. Manley and his lady. The loss of their child reminded him of his own bad hap, and what his parents, if living, must feel for him. The tenderness and esteem they had expressed for Miss Thomas and himself, endeared them to him, and he displayed his acknowledgments in the warmest and most affectionate terms: But his returns for the favour his dearest Sukey had conferred upon him by her relation, the amiable and engaging manner of her communicating it, the music that dwelt on her tongue, raised him to rapture, and, without considering Sir Trevor was present (who beheld him with delight) he rose when she had finished, and straining her in a tender embrace, exclaimed, "Lovely creature!—idol of my fond adoring heart!—what thanks I owe you for your condescension! O! let me ever hear the soft sounds of that melodious voice!—No other accents are worthy the ears of the happy youth destined by heaven to enjoy such perfection!" The young lady,

lady, blushing, regarded him with a look so tenderly, piercing as thrilled his very soul, whilst Sir Trevor, in speechless admiration, contemplated the beauteous pair, whose union was to make him the most blessed of parents.

C H A P. IX.

An unexpected meeting, and other incidents.

THE next day, at noon, the Orphan thought it was expedient for him to return to St. Ismael, apprehending Mr. Goldsmith would by that time be directing his way homewards, though, in breaking from the pleasing, the beloved society at Ithin Duon, he felt the severest regret. Their parting was extremely tender; he promised to be soon with them again, and report what occurred between Mr. Jenkins and his patron, and rode away, leaving the better part of himself behind him. As he passed Mr. Manley's cottage, he stoped short, and looked with affection at an abode which had so often been honoured with the presence of his charming Sukey, and hailed that providence which had first directed him hither, and secured him the friendship and esteem of the worthy pair, as much as it raised him in the estimation of Sir Trevor and his beautiful daughter. He thought at first to call at Carmarthen, but felt an extreme aversion thereto; and resolving to have somewhat

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of business to speak of, at Mr. Goldsmith's return, struck off to the right, with an intent to call upon a friend of that gentleman's, at Mydrin, and another at Llanginnen, before he bent his route directly to St. Ismael. He had not long parted from Llanginnen, and was between that place and Richmore, than he discovered before him a gentleman well mounted, who who hearing the sound of horses feet, turned about, and perceived the Orphan advancing to him; upon which he stopped short, till their horses heads almost touched each other, when the stranger, with much politeness, said, "Sir, permit a man who is quite unacquainted with this part of the country, to ask you if he has not wandered out of his way from Carmarthen to Kidwelly; for, if I recollect right, though it is many years since I was at that town, I should have a small river on my right hand, whereas I have it on my left?" The Orphan was pleased with the person and looks of the stranger; he had a most open, engaging countenance, seemed to be about thirty, and was extremely well dressed and mounted. There was a somewhat too in his face which he imagined he had frequently seen before. "I am, Sir," he replied, "going into the neighbourhood

bourhood of Kidwelly myself, and should be obliged to you for your company as far as I go. You are certainly out of the direct road, but not far. I think it is a duty to direct and set way faring people in the right way, and would go out of mine, rather than not perform it." The stranger bowed, and rejoined, "I was, it is true, born in Wales; not many miles from hence; but it was in a populous town, so that I seldom made excursions so far: I have now been many years in London, and have lost almost all traces of the road. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for your generous offer, which I accept, and with particular satisfaction: I did not expect to meet with so much politeness as you have shewn, nor a person and behaviour here that would be an ornament to the best inhabited town I have passed through; are you of Carmarthen, Sir, that little London of Wales?" "I am, I must confess," returned the Orphan, "as much prepossessed in your favour, Sir, and find that you have brought with you all the gentility of a city I never yet had the good fortune to see. I am not of Carmarthen, but an inhabitant of that part of the country you are going to; and if you will gratify me with calling, as it lies in your way

at the place of my abode, I will endeavour to make you heartily welcome." "I shall need little invitation," the other answered, "to accept your kind offer; I feel I should be a loser if I did not; you have gained my esteem, which I gave you the moment I beheld you." "I can say the same with equal truth," rejoined the Orphan, "and flatter myself we shall be better acquainted." They now jogged on together, and in their way talked of various subjects, in a manner that still more increased their liking of each other. About a mile from St. Ismael, the Orphan perceived before him his father; upon which, setting spurs to their horses, they soon joined him. Goldsmith, transported at this encounter, cried, "My son, we are well met; I have returned sooner than I expected, and the first object I behold is the most agreeable to me:" Then turning to the stranger, he paid him his compliments, which he returned in manner that charmed him, and he was pleased to hear he had promised to be their guest. They surveyed each other very earnestly, with looks that seemed to indicate a prior knowledge of their faces and rode on till they came to St. Ismael, where the servants attended to take their horses, and Mrs. Julian
and

and Mrs. Penry came to welcome them home. They entered the house with their guest, when the stranger, looking about him with wonder, at Mrs. Julian Mr. Goldsmith, the house, &c. exclaimed, "Sure I am very happy. Dear Sir, do not you know me? If I am right, and I think I am, this is the end of my journey. Your name, Sir, is Goldsmith, my honoured relation and benefactor, who I came to pay my duty to the minute I could disengage myself from the embraces of my parents, whom I have just visited." Mr. Goldsmith turned his eyes upon him, and returned, eagerly embracing him, "What, my dear kinsman, Billy Jones! Is it possible! How did you meet? Welcome to St. Ismael, my child, we are truly rejoiced to see you." Mrs. Julian now addressed him with affection, and the young man shed tears at this interview. The whole house was in an uproar of joy, and Goldsmith introducing the Orphan to him, said, "Here, cousin, I give you a friend worthy of your love and esteem." They embraced, and both at the same time thanked him for his recommendation. "How happy am I," Jones continued, "to find you have an interest, Sir, in this young

gentleman, who I wished, the moment I beheld him, the friendship of."

This incident engrossed them the remainder of the day, and every thing was contrived to shew their visitor how welcome he was at St. Ismael, as every moment convinced them he was worthy all their attention. The two young gentlemen conceived a great friendship for each other, which gave Mr. Goldsmith much satisfaction; for tho' Mr. Jones had been engrossed by his business, he seemed not to have lost his relish for the classics, in which he had made a great progress, and was not inconsiderably versed in scientific knowledge. But, above all, he was a man of honour and integrity, scorned a mean or a base action, and was, to all intents and purposes, a credit to the profession he had embraced. As his father had informed him of all the circumstances relative to his sister and Billy, he did not disguise his sentiments to Mr. Goldsmith and him; in the tenderest manner thanked his cousin for his favours to himself and the family, and, with as much delicacy as possible, mentioned his mother's ill intentions, and felicitated himself that they had not the effect she wished for; adding these remarkable expressions, which had a very
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different effect on the father and his adopted son: "By my father's account," says he, "the two ladies are principally employed in visiting, and amusing themselves with every pleasure and entertainment; so that he has enjoyed little of their conversation. My sister seems to have as many modish qualities as any of our London belles: For my part, I could wish she was not quite so giddy, that she might be a more suitable partner for a gentleman, of whose judgment and good sense I must have the highest opinion, from his being brought up with you, and whom I stand in no need of such a tie to entertain the most cordial esteem for."

Mr. Goldsmith looked grave—the Orphan thanked him, not only in his heart, but in action. "Ladies," returned the former, "are, by their constitution, too much biassed to levity and gaiety; but good and sensible husbands, I am convinced, may soon convert them to other purposes; besides, your sister has some excuse: Kept for many years in privacy and retirement, we may, we must wink a little, at her coveting pleasurable gratifications, now under no such restraint. You oblige me, kinsman, however, by mentioning that long-desired union between my son and
your

your sister, which I know must be the most agreeable circumstance to them both imaginable, and which I intended this day to speak to my son about." The Orphan took great care to conceal the distress these words threw his mind into, and was pleased to observe that young Jones proceeded instantly to another topic of discourse, which prevented any thing further being said upon the subject, and the necessity of his making an immediate reply. But sore were the conflicts he endured, and he wished that the good Mr. Jenkins would pay his visit even the next day; and for the purpose of giving him an opportunity to do it without interruption, he, before they retired to rest, as Mr. Jones said he must make his first visit a short one, and terminate it on the morrow, proposed to accompany him to Carmarthen, to see his dear Lucy and the good family there. The expression *dear Lucy*, after what Mr. Goldsmith had hinted, was somewhat so flattering to this favourite view, as was the immediate proposal of the visit, that, embracing the Orphan, he told him his proposal gave him infinite pleasure, and he was charmed with the idea that he and his new acquaintance would not part, till the sudden friendship they had conceived would be cemented by

by further acquaintance with each other's good qualities. To this they both made proper replies, and all in appearance, retired to rest, pleased and happy: But, alas! it was not so with the Orphan, in reality; he reflected over, with the deepest affliction, the impending disclosure to his kind patron, of the impracticability of his scheme, the various reasons that militated against it, and the repugnance that the two objects of his care must have to an union of that solemn nature. Nor did he forget to enjoy over again, in a kind of melancholy despondency, the delightful moments he had so lately passed at Ithin Duon. The lovely, the amiable Miss Thomas's name, was uttered by him with rapture, and as oft he bestowed blessings upon her kind, her considerate, and generous father. A short sleep succeeded; for, resolved now to set matters afloat, he rose by dawn of day, and fleetly hastened to Mr Jenkins's, where his friendship and familiarity procured him an entrance at any hour. As it happened, the worthy man had arisen earlier than usual, and was not a little surprised at the sight of our adventurer. However, when he told him his business, and what had passed, he assured him, it was his intention to have gone to St Ismael,

in order to talk with his friend, that very day; for he heard the preceding night that he was returned from his journey. The Orphan blessed him for his kind intention, told him he was going to Carmarthen with young Jones, of whom he said many advantageous things, which the other, like a candid man, was as pleased to hear as the relater was to tell them.

Every thing thus settled, and leaving his duty to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, he returned to St. Ismael, just as the family was stirring; so that his absence had not been noticed by any one. Breakfast over, our young gentleman set out for Carmarthen, accompanied some miles by Mr. Goldsmith, and followed by the blessings of Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry, who had, in compliment to their visitor, waited to see them mount their horses. Mr. Goldsmith, after about three quarters of a mile's ride, left them, most affectionately recommending his love to the family, and more particularly to his cousin Lucy, and returned home. His companions soon reached Carmarthen, where we shall leave them for some time, and return to what passed, after their departure, at St. Ismael.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Mr. Jenkins entered the hospitable

able mansion of Mr. Goldsmith, and interchanged with him the endearing testimonies of the friendship they felt for each other. The former heard with patience his account of late meeting of the two Billies, and the pleasure they had experienced in his company, though he had, as before observed, heard the whole before from the Orphan. The good Mr. Goldsmith expatiated also on the apparent good qualities young Jones possessed, and the fortunate liking they discovered of each other; and added, "the union we have so long proposed, my dear Mr. Jenkins, will be the more agreeable to my son, from the circumstance of his having such a brother-in-law; for otherwise, I must confess he has no very encouraging prospect in his future relations; but this youth freely blames his mother's conduct, and particularly her encouraging too much the levity and gaiety of his sister." Mr. Jenkins thought this the most favourable opportunity to speak; he was naturally led thereto by these last words. "Ah! my worthy friend," he answered, "it hurts me extremely when I foresee it is become almost a perfect impossibility to fulfil your generous intentions in favour of Miss Lucy." At these words Goldsmith redened, and

and his eyes flashed with a kind of indignation upon his old and valued neighbour; all which Jenkins perceived, but, resolved to take no direct notice of; and as the other was thrown into too much embarrassment to speak, he thus continued: “ You have, my dear Sir, most generously preserved the life of an abandoned Orphan; you have formed him, by your example and precepts, to be an ornament and a benefit to the world: By a perfect accident, you perform the same duty to the child of a relation, of the other sex; by which you was so far from doing her an irreparable injury, that you snatched her from the infectious example of a mother of very little principle or humanity, of a father who could not, and would not, have taken the trouble to superintend her education; for you know, quite wedded to the cares of the world, tho’ he has many excellent qualities, he looks upon children rather as incumbrances than blessings. Can you think Lucy’s fate would have been preferable to that of her elder brother? Rather, bred up constantly with her mother, would she not have been nurtured in all the dissipations and foibles of her sex? But you, and your friends, the good Mrs. Julian, and the excellent Mrs. Lloyd, have,

have, by her detention, strove to adorn her mind with every virtue, to grace her lovely person with every useful endowment; by which, if she has not profited so much as we could wish, she may be at least preserved from many and numerous follies: So here rests not the least shadow of an obligation on that side, to sacrifice your own reason, your judgment, your happiness, and that of your adopted son, to make any retaliation to her and her family. Beside, my dear friend, reflect upon that difference in their tempers, which would make any married couple miserable; your son, open, honest, and artless, yet discerning, and of a clear judgment; Lucy, mysterious, full of design, her opinions regulated by whim and fashion, her mind warped with the dissipations of the day, at least so I have been told by credible witnesses from Carmarthen: God forbid I should injure her; but though I have this related to me *ex fide aliorum*, yet they are such informers as I should not dare to disbelieve, because I never knew them err from the truth. They tell me also, they strongly surmise, that the readiness the mother and daughter shew to comply with the offer, is mere artifice; for underhand she encourages the addresses of Sir Hugh Owen,

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who, thoughtless young man, is much enamoured of her; and you know what an effect title and pre-eminence have on some female minds. He meets her every day at Mrs. Joyce's, a person, we both know, of the slightest character of any woman in Carmarthen; (you see how exact my intelligence is) nor do I wonder lovers, who are kept from each other by the father's command, should run any lengths, under the matronly conduct of the mother, to gratify these inclinations: But what can be said in excuse for Mrs. Jones, who can visit herself, and suffer her daughter to visit a woman little better than a procuress, and stay for hours together in a house that is shrewdly suspected to be a brothel, the resort of rakes and sharpers, and where her eldest son laid, in part, the foundation of his ruin? Don't believe me implicitly in these matters: With that sagacity so natural to you, make the proper inquiries, and let these reports, or rather facts, stand or fall on that bottom. Your son knows not these circumstances, though your dear friends, Mr. Lloyd and his lady can corroborate them, and weep for your deception: No, God forbid we should endeavour to render him rebellious to your desires: I believe he would plunge into
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the depth of misery, rather than make his beloved, his tender parent, unhappy: But I can see, under all the appearance of the utmost submission, he likes not Lucy for an help-mate; however, knowing you are bent upon it, his complaints are not heard, though he sighs in secret, and is miserable. Generous, discerning, just, and humane, as my friend is, can he destroy, for a mere whim, the work of his own hand? Can he involve in perpetual torture a youth who never gave him just cause of offence, and is his darling and delight? Forbid it, heaven! Forbid it, every regard we have to what is right and fit! Let not my friend, at the close of so valuable a life, make, unintentionally I am sure, the greatest of breaches in the religion of nature, of God, and of reason, which he has yet adhered to in all his actions, and which mount up the prayers of his friends, his neighbours, and dependants, for his health, happiness, and long life here, and for his everlasting felicity, in the eternal world of spirits. Oh, my dear friend, rather leave all you have to the Jones's, preserve the Orphan only your affection, I am sure he will not repine. Providence, which gave him such a friend in you, will never abandon him—No—if such persons as that

youth are not the peculiar care of providence, what can we depend upon for the favour of the Almighty Being in this life! He may indeed, wanting the assistance you so nobly intended him, be deficient in some of the elegancies of life; but a heart like his can never fail of comfort in the most adverse situation: Your honoured name will still shine with lustre in him and his future progeny, which will reflect more credit upon your family than all the Jones's put together ever can. Forgive my vehemence, my dearest friend—let me turn my eyes from those tears, and those perturbations with which you are agitated, which afflict my very soul—I join them with mine, with the sympathising dew of affection—We both know human nature—I feel for you most intimately on this occasion—But my duty as your minister, my esteem as your companion and fellow-labourer in the delightful task of forming your most amiable son, give me a title to advise you in an affair that must constitute his future happiness, and complete your noble scheme in his favour—in the favour of the whole county—Accomplished as he is, fraught with every benevolent, every social virtue; if he is joined in wedlock with a lady totally different in sentiment

—these

—these virtues, by being opposed and counteracted, will either lose the force you wish they should have, or a perpetual struggle will ensue, where there should ever be the greatest consent and harmony. Your views, my dear friend, your exalted views, in bringing up, in fashioning this dearly beloved youth, have been principally directed to the good of posterity; your self-gratification, I am sensible, was only a secondary motive—Can you—Oh! can you make a sacrifice of such a generous scheme to humour and caprice—to the interest of a family who have so little deserved your cares? No—rouse up your reason, exert your judgment, and free your son from the effects of that tyranny which you have ever condemned in other parents; see him married—I have not the least objection; but, freed from prejudice, look around—you will certainly discover objects more suited to your laudable purposes than Miss Lucy—females, in whom personal accomplishments are their most trifling recommendations; who join to all the bewitching softness of their own sex, the magnanimity and fortitude, all the reasoning powers of the men—Oh! my dear friend, would to God I could direct your view to one certain family, where

might be found a wife worthy your son—indeed whom no one else is worth of—But I must say no more—However, when my worthy friend—the friend of this bosom—the inmate of this heart, shall be told that the sagacious Mrs. Lloyd, her discerning husband, from whose penetration we first were directed to suspect the baseness of Mrs. Jones, are of the same way of thinking, the same sentiments with myself, he will perhaps pause a little—nor put his son to the dreadful necessity of declaring an untruth in the presence of the Almighty, to secure your peace of mind, or, preserving his integrity, and acting in conformity to what he knows, what he has been taught to believe is right and fit, forfeit that love and approbation, and that friendship which must be superior in his eyes to every other worldly enjoyment—Oh! my excellent friend, think in time.”

The uneasiness with which Mr. Goldsmith, was so visibly agitated, did not cease at the close even of this well-designed advice; and as he made no direct reply, but continued gazing at Jenkins with a fixed eye of mingled wonder and grief, it gave that worthy servant of religion an opportunity of advancing to him, taking hold of both his hands with a friendly grasp, and

and directing a look of such indelible tenderness at him, as at once served to soften him, and prevent the asperity with which he was about to answer him. In short, this action of the good person prevented, also, for some moments the withdrawing his hands, which at length he did; and exclaiming, "Good God!—where am I? are these the words, the sentiments of a friend?" continued thus: "*Faithful*, indeed, *are the wounds of a friend*, it is said; but have I only one foible, if it must be so filed, and must it be so cruelly handled?—Sure, sure, I never could merit such treatment at the hands of Mr. Jenkins—Have I had—heaven knows I have not—any thought to make myself happy by the miseries of those I love?—No—you yourself have freed me from that charge—Well then, allow I have a favourite scheme to gratify—why did you and Mr. Lloyd buoy up my expectations of seeing it effected—and when near being so happily completed, at once cruelly abate my hopes, and endeavour to counteract my intentions?—Is it generous—is it friendly?—Why suffer my plan to take such deep root—merely to make your opposition more bitter, and less effectual!—My grief indeed is excessive at what I hear

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—Though I attended you, step by step, in all your allegations, yet the suddenness of them—their being wholly unsuspected by me, quite unknown, prevented my making the proper reflections—In short, my grief totally absorbed my faculties, and left little room for exercising my judgment—therefore what I shall now say must only suffice for a few loose indigested remarks on what you have advanced. As I never thought myself under any obligation to the Jones's, it was quite foreign to my purpose to endeavour to make them satisfaction by the proposed marriage: but I thought nature herself dictated the union: Did not my sage monitor once think so too? nay, that providence itself seemed to direct it? Have we, before this moment, ever discovered the contrary! And by what means matters are so demonstrably altered, it puzzles me to account for. Did I not, from many years close connection, know my pastor to be incapable of any baseness, I should think some enemy to my peace, to the happiness of my son, had brought him over to their interest. I had a sincere regard to the welfare and future happiness of the beloved youth, and of the amiable maid I had taught myself many years to look upon as a daughter—and a daughter

daughter I had snatched as a fire-brand out of the fire. If I pleased myself therewith, where was the offence either to wisdom or prudence in so doing? I see none, I must confess: Without that exhilarating motive to praise-worthy actions, what a spur should we want to virtue and goodness? — But I am too desultory—I will endeavour to answer what you have advanced with more method. You say, their difference of temper is a main objection to the proposed match. If you mean of natural temper only, I confute you from an instance we are both acquainted with; Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, whose dispositions were totally different at the time of their marriage: May not my son make as great an alteration in Lucy, as that lady made in her worthy husband, whose pursuits, as a man, were as ridiculous as Lucy's, at least, in a woman? I own, however, all his foibles flowed from neglect of his education; Lucy's from a native levity and inattention. I have charity enough for Mrs. Jones and her daughter, to think you are misinformed in the intelligence you have received from Carmarthen of their present dissipation and folly; but own, if they are facts, it is a good reason the sooner to release the poor girl, from such hands, and

and give her a husband, whose prudence and tenderness may overcome her liking to such pleasures, and such company; for what you say of Mrs. Joyce and her house, I am sensible, is too true: Yet I cannot believe there is any connection kept up with Sir Hugh Owen, after the commands laid on them by Mr. Jones, and the ready obedience they promised: And is the sudden and casual liking of the young Baronet to be put in the scale against the constant and uniform affection Billy and Lucy have contracted in so many years? For nothing shall persuade me that they do not love each other. Their compliance, in appearance you say, with my desires, is mere artifice to amuse me. But that artifice will not fail to involve them in their own toils: The issue of it must be, that they are detected; for well I know, by a late incident, that my son, so far from having an aversion, is eager for the union: Therefore your observation of his uneasiness must be all fancy, bred, I make no doubt, by your great regard for him, and your self conviction that Lucy is not worthy of him. Truly, I know of no woman that is so. But you should be so candid as not to suffer your ill opinion of the mother to prejudice you against the daughter; I think,

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in this I act myself upon a better principle. Though she may not abound in natural affection or tenderness, of which we have many instances; yet I have no reason to think she is again base and wicked. I am resolved not to pronounce her so, till I have been witness to any new trespass she may be guilty of: Now you, with too much rigour, are ever thinking over her former crimes, and you exercise your penetration to discover new ones, without seasoning that penetration with a proper degree of candour: Did you do that, you would perhaps see things in more favourable light. I am certain my son will never sacrifice himself, merely to humour any whim of mine; I should blame him as much as any one, if he did; but convinced that he loves Lucy as much as I can desire, your conjectures give me no disturbance, though your studied opposition to the match does, and I am sorry our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, are of the same way of thinking: However, in this affair I hope you will all let me follow my own judgment; I will be answerable for the event: Our cares have been hitherto conjoined; at present let yours be suspended, and leave the rest to me. You rightly judge, my friend, nay you well know, that the
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good of posterity governs all my actions; but in nothing more than in what concerns my son. I see pleasingly before me his great usefulness to his fellow-creatures, the many converts his example will make to virtue, and the same influence continued in his future offspring; and am certain that a wife of Lucy's beauty and accomplishments will be an eligible companion and help mate to these good purposes: Pouring the balm of love into each other's bosoms, reciprocally fond, obliging, and tender, they will be exemplars to their children and all around them, who will copy their harmonious behaviour, and acquire the tranquility which will shine throughout their whole lives. I do condemn the unreasonable tyranny of parents, in forcing their children's inclinations: But do I attempt any thing of this kind? Have I had any remonstrances from Billy against this union? and is not Lucy as pleased as himself with the prospect of it? For God's sake, my valued friend, believe I have no sinister views, none indeed but to make a young and virtuous couple happy, and thereby to impart felicity to multitudes. I myself am too old to see all the blessed effects I foresee; where therefore can there be any self interested motive in me? I am pleased
you

you have not tainted your young friend's ears with these tales, or abused them with such idle reports, which must be propagated by some enemy to his repose and mine: But he is gone to see Lucy, and you will behold at his return, I don't doubt, the fallacy of them, by his contented look and exulting heart. Even after I had hinted before him my desire of the match, he eagerly asked to go to Carmarthen to see his *dear* Lucy. Was that any proof of his disregard to her? Indeed, had he himself applied to you or Mr. Lloyd, and expressed what you suppose he is ready to do, his aversion to Lucy, and his hatred of the match, you had been justified in what you do; but from mere surmise, mere prejudice, to fly out into such illiberal invectives against a maid you yourself once loved so dearly, does not favour of that Christian spirit, that wisdom, which I have always hitherto known you to be so remarkably governed by. The rest of your address being mere declamation, I shall give myself no concern to answer; and you have to much affected me with what you have said, for me to declaim in my turn: But a particular hint of a particular lady and family, which you let fall at the close of your speech, requires some little notice.

Ah! my friend, it was the unluckly meeting with that amiable lady that first set all the brains of our friends on this side the country at work: The sight of her soon discharged poor Lucy from their minds—I have perceived it by many and various hints since. I will, however, be candid, and own, that the lovely Miss Thomas, though in person not equal to my Lucy, not only, by what I hear, excels her, but all her sex, in mental perfections, and the most endearing virtues of a benevolent and compassionate heart. Never did I hear her mentioned without praise, in which I sincerely joined; and were not Lucy to be made miserable, I to be sure should think my son the most happy youth breathing, if he was to gain her affections. But let us be just, as well as candid: An only daughter and heiress of a large fortune, brought up under the best of mothers, and the fondest of fathers, and enabled to do good from her very cradle; the means of it put into her hands, without controul; could Miss Thomas fail to be what she is? But Lucy, poor Lucy, reaped no such advantages; no mother could or would prompt her to goodness, no father had parental love enough to hang over her lisping accents, and to form her imitative sounds.

sounds. To be sure all this was made up to her, in some measure, by our cares; but then she was secluded from the world, bred up in solitude; and no wonder that her vivacious temper, when set at liberty, should plunge her into somewhat more dissipation than could be wished. Alas! my friend, we have often made this reflection, that though genius is ofteneft bestowed by nature on those not born to fortune, yet it is cramped and obstructed in all its pursuits for want of that cherishing circumstance; which should be a lesson to the opulent, for the good of their country, and of mankind in general, to nourish that fine plant with all their care, nor suffer the east wind of adversity to blast its rising prolificacy. Let us, instead of genius, use the term *virtue*, in the present case, and reflect that Lucy might *naturally* have as great a share as Miss Thomas; but it met not with that tender, that kindly patronage, to call it forth; for the influence of a mother's example and precepts are more prevalent than any thing upon a female mind. Lucy then, like the genius without fortune, has laboured under the utmost disadvantages; but, on the contrary, Miss Thomas had every advantage to make her what she is: Yet I firmly be-

lieve she has more latent good qualitis than we are aware of, which wait only for the warm and friendly care of my son to produce to light. We shall then see what she really is, and I am charmed with the prospect of beholding the experiment tried."

Mr. Jenkins heard the good man with astonishment from the beginning of his answer to this conclusion, and admired the goodness of his heart, as much as the oddity of his reasoning. He dearly loved him, and therefore put a rein upon his impatience, and resolved to pursue the matter no further at this time; since he could not reply without betraying some secrets, which he had no commission, and thought it not prudent to do. He made no doubt but providence would interest itself in the Orphan's favour, and that, by some accident, Mr Goldsmith's eyes might be opened to his true interest and happiness, and in a silent ejaculation prayed it might be so. Thus, though he had talked so warmly at first, he was now perfectly calmed; and when Mr. Goldsmith had finished, advancing to him, and taking him by the hand, he only said, "Excuse me, dear Sir; my zeal, I own has made me too officious; but if mistaken, I spoke my real sentiments

ments—To err is human, to forgive is divine—therefore I make no doubt of your pardon. I now trouble you no more on this head—Let me not lose the friendship of the man I love and venerate—that would indeed be paying too great a price for my impertinence. May the director of mankind order all your schemes and enterprizes to your own honour and happiness, and that of those connected with you! Adieu, Sir; remember not that I have offended.” Here the tears started from his eyes, partly the produce of impatience at his ill success, and of grief at the visible coldness of his friend; and turning away, he was going to quit the room and the house; but this was more than the generous Goldsmith could bear; he rose—the tears stood in his eyes—and unable to speak, he caught the worthy Jenkins in his arms, and at length cried, “Can you—can you think me so ungrateful, my dear friend, after the many years of close connection we have had, to suffer you so to depart?—What!—for a few words spoken with the best intention, I am convinced, however mistaken?—No my friend, harbour no such thought—if it appeared to you that I was cold and resentful—If I was so for a moment, forgive me—I am

now returned to myself—After so long, so useful a friendship between us, it shall never be said we differ about modes of opinion. I beg we may see each other as usual, and make not the least doubt my son's marriage with Lucy will make us all happy. They embraced. Mr. Jenkins, after taking leave of Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry, mounted his horse, and rode away, full of reflection upon the occurrences of the day, and as much surprised as chagrined at Mr. Goldsmith's obstinate perseverance in a project which was only founded in whim and fancy. "Ah! deluded friend," he exclaimed, "what signifies now that penetration that cool and dispassionate reason which we have so much admired! In this particular, thou art as blind as irrationally fixed in thy opinion, as the greatest bigot in religious matters; but thou perceivest it not. Sure every moment of life must convince us what poor, what erring mortals we are, even though adorned with all earthly wisdom! Oh! merciful Father! happy shall we be, when released from the slavish bonds of flesh; we shall see with enlarged view the works of nature, the wonders of thy creation, and be bound by no fetters of prejudice or partiality! Sick of the world, sick of all

its follies and vanities, *Lord, let thy servant soon depart in peace, that his eyes may see thy salvation!*

He resolved to call at Mr. Lloyd's before he returned home, and give them an account of his ill success; and when he came within view of their seat, perceived an equipage, a coach and fix, at the gate, which he soon distinguished to be that of Sir Trevor Thomas. Melancholy as he was, his heart exulted in the idea of seeing that worthy gentleman and his daughter, who indeed had arrived there but about half an hour before him. Mr. Lloyd and his lady received the good parson with the usual testimonies of their affection, and conducted him into the room where their visitors were sitting, and Mrs. Lloyd presenting him to them, said, "Sir Trevor, dear Madam, behold the worthy Mr. Jenkins, who you have heard so much of, and to whom your young friend owes so many of his valuable sentiments." Sir Trevor embraced him, and Miss received him with that amiable civility which distinguished all her actions. Jenkins looked with the most tender regard upon the lovely fair; but sighed to himself at the reflection of the difficulties the Orphan had to encounter before he could make her happy.

happy. Sir Trevor had, before his arrival, informed Mr. Lloyd and his excellent spouse of his resolution in the Orphan's favour ; nor had Miss Thomas concealed her affection for the charming youth, which had raised them to an inexpressible height of felicity. They had returned them their warmest acknowledgments, protested they would settle part of their estate upon him, and did not doubt of soon overcoming Mr. Goldsmith's scruples, when he should be convinced of the improper choice he had made of Miss Lucy. Mr. Jenkins, after some time, informed them of the anguish in which the Orphan had visited him that morning, at which Miss Thomas expressed a tender concern, and his consequent conference with Mr. Goldsmith, not concealing even what had passed relative to Sir Trevor and his daughter ; and concluded by observing, that they must now trust to providence for a happy issue to their desires, not doubting, by some fortunate event, he would soon discover the arts of Mrs. Jones, and the depravity of her daughter ; in which case he was certain Goldsmith would abandon his scheme, which was now only supported by his too partial opinion of that young lady. They were concerned to hear that Mr.

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Goldsmith was so obstinate, but all pitied, rather than blamed him; and Sir Trevor protested, again and again, that the happiness of that good man ought to be one of their principle aims. He informed them of the resolutions himself, his daughter, and the Orphan had formed, and Miss Thomas added, blushing like the morning rose, "Worth like the father's, and merit like his dear son's, was fully deserving of all the generous cares they had engaged in." The two ladies, from similarity of temper, soon entertained the most affectionate regard for each other; Mrs. Lloyd behaving to Miss Thomas like a parent, and she conceiving for that lady all the respect of a daughter. Mr. Jenkins admired the wisdom and propriety of her discourse, and she was so taken with that good man, as to converse with him already with the utmost pleasure and freedom. The baronet staid till evening, and then strongly insisted upon their going with them to spend a day or two at Ithin Duon. "How unhappy I have been," adds he, "not before to have known the treasures that are to be found in this neighbourhood, but by report; but now I hope we shall be inseparable. I need not wonder at the accomplishments of my dear intended son, who has been fostered

fostered by wisdom itself, and been conversant all his life with the muses and graces." He was so desirous of their company, and the two ladies so loth to part, that, at length, Mr. Lloyd ordered the horses to be put to his coach, into which he got with Sir Trevor and Mr. Jenkins. The two ladies rode in Sir Trevor's and the whole company, in this order, set out for Ithin Duon.

O H A P. X.

An unfortunate accident, and its consequences.

WE must now return to the two young gentlemen, who, in the last chapter, we left at the entrance of Carmarthen. They were received by Mr. Jones with his usual freedom, and he caressed the Orphan without measure; told him he was proud he had got him now a friend and companion, and hoped soon to call him by a more tender name. “As to your mother and sister,” continued the honest merchant, addressing himself to his son, “they have been from home all night; but where I can get no intelligence: I must own I don’t like such doings, and desire you would let them know too your disapprobation. I have winked at them, on your sister’s account, a long while; but when they tend to the direct confusion and disorder of my family, it is now time to speak—to put an end to them. Here’s my dear Billy too must be a witness of these irregularities—I wish, my dear boy, thy Lucy was confined to thy arms—she would then have a much more prudent director.”

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The Orphan was endeavouring to excuse her, as well as he could, when a messenger came to Mr. Jones, and calling him aside, whispered somewhat in his ear, which seemed to move him greatly. "At Mrs. Joyce's!—at Mrs. Joyce's!" he repeated two or three times—"Murder committed!—Sir Hugh Owen!" he added, all in the utmost confusion and dismay. At length he discharged the messenger, and returning to his son and the Orphan, cried, "Alas! see the end of disobedience and irregularity. By what this man tells me, your mother has made us very unhappy—she and Lucy are at Mrs. Joyce's—for no good purpose, I am sure—A duel has happened there on your sister's account, in which Sir Hugh is dangerously wounded, and his antagonist, Mr. Howorth, a Radnorshire gentleman, who has not been a fortnight in town, still more dangerously—There has been screamings, faintings, and all that, to fill up the tragedy, and and Lucy, it seems, is in bed, in a condition, through the fright, that much alarms her mamma. In the name of God, what had they to do there—that d—d house should not be tolerated—but this will open the eyes of the magistrates.. Ah! Mr. Goldsmith, you never hear of such things

at St. Ismael—there Lucy gave us no disturbance—but here she is a perpetual source of uneasiness—thanks to her good mother, who ought to know better than to carry her to such places.” Young Jones was filled with horror at this relation, and the Orphan expressed great concern for Lucy and Sir Hugh Owen, for whom he had a very warm esteem. They proposed to go to Mrs. Joyce’s, to see how matters were situated; and accordingly all three set out for her house, where they soon arrived. That commode lady, seemingly near sixty years of age, received them with a deal of ceremony, fluttered as she seemed to be, and instead of relating the circumstances of the late misfortune, abruptly entered into a vindication of herself, and hoped Mr. Jones would think her perfectly innocent of what had happened. “Z—ds, Madam, he returned, “what is all your fightings to me—If gentlemen fight, they must take the consequences—Nor do I trouble myself at present with you or your house—I want to see my wife and daughter, and to know by what magic you and they became connected together—I demand a sight of them directly.” The peremptory manner in which these words were spoken, paled the cheeks of Mrs. Joyce;

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Joyce; for well she knew Mr. Jones's opulence, and his interest in the corporation: So that, without further hesitation, she desired them to follow her after stepping aside, and sending one of her servants to announce to Mrs. Jones the approach of such visitors. They were brought into a back chamber, upon the ground-floor, where, at their entrance, they heard poor Lucy raving in a delirium, and calling upon Sir Hugh—crying Murder—and, to all appearance, in the most violent agitations. Mrs. Jones was holding one of her hands, her face covered with blushes, and the tears falling plentifully from her eyes. When she saw the Orphan and her son with Mr. Jones, her shame and her perturbations were so increased, such a variety of mortifying ideas crowded her brain, that she shrieked out aloud, and was near falling into her daughter's condition. All her confidence, all her artifices were fled—she could not lay hold of one probable excuse for her being in this situation, and remained for some moments speechless, and a spectacle of pity, rather than resentment. Her son and the Orphan would have modestly withdrawn, but were prevented by Mr. Jones, who shutting the door, and directing himself to his wife, said,

in a ferocious tone of voice, “Woman—unhappy woman—tell me the meaning of all this!—How came you and that poor girl in this house? What concern have you in the fatal accident that has lately happened?—Don’t pump your wit for excuses, but relate to me, and these gentlemen, who you should look at with shame, the truth, and the whole truth—I will have you and your daughter removed to your own house directly—Good God! is this—is this a place of resort for the wife and daughter of an honest man!” Whilst these words were speaking, the two young gentlemen, as by consent, approached the other side of the bed, and the Orphan, taking one of Lucy’s hands in his, asked her in the tenderest accents, his eyes swimming in tears, how she was. The lovely maid just recovered her senses, pressed his hand—stared wildly at him and her brother—just cried, Oh! Billy!—fainted again, and soon returned to her rambling discourse. Mean time Mrs. Jones had resumed presence of mind sufficient to take her husband to another part of the room, where she told him such a mixture of truth and falsehood, as she imagined would serve to lull his suspicions asleep; but she had forfeited his confidence now entirely,

and he answered her in very sharp terms, protesting he could not believe one word she said—must defer the inquiry till it could be made of a person of more veracity—and sending for a physician, desired his opinion whether his daughter could be removed to his own house without danger. The Doctor gave it as his opinion, she might; but advised it to be deferred till the close of the day, as by that time, with proper care, she might be somewhat recovered; for he said there was no other illness than what had been induced by sudden fright and surprise, and when she was a little calm, she would of course come to herself. All this was agreed to, and now Mr. Jones proposed to his companions to pay a visit to Sir Hugh Owen, being told such a visit could not injure him, as his wound was very slight, and had had no bad consequences. The baronet was in a chamber up one pair of stairs, attended by his servant and a nurse, and at the approach of these visitors saluted them with much cordiality. They condoled with him upon his misfortune, and the impatient Jones said, “Dear Sir Hugh, if you have spirits enough, pray let us know how this affair happened—My daughter is ill also in this house, to my great surprise, and

and is raving upon your name incessantly —What can be the meaning of all this? I thought you man of too much honour to make any advances there, when I had informed you of the impropriety of them.”

—“ Ah! lovely maid,” returned Sir Hugh, “ are you really grieved for me—then I am too happy,!--Oh! Sir, forgive me, forgive a passion which, in spite of promises, in spite of injunctions, hurried me forwards to its gratification—I loved your dear Lucy with unbounded affection—I could not think of living without her.—I disobeyed you myself—I caused her to disobey you—I brought over Mrs. Jones to pity me—We frequently met here—here I poured out my complaints before her—Unlucky hour! —Last night Mr. Howorth found means to be introduced to our company—his behaviour was too free—I thought him a favourite rival—curse on my frenzy! —The rest you know—Oh! Sir, let not your Lucy, your worthy lady, suffer in your opinion; I only am to blame; and did you know my ardent affection for your daughter, you, I am sure would forgive me.” The sincerity with which these words were uttered, made him two advocates in young Jones and the Orphan: The latter always re-

spected Sir Hugh ; and when he reflected how many salutary effects his perseverance in his addresses to Lucy, and the late accident, might probably produce in his own favour, he resolved to exert himself in behalf of the suffering lover, who he wished, and did not doubt, was as much beloved by the object of his passion. He said privately many kind things of Sir Hugh to young Jones, who had conceived an advantageous opinion of him already ; but was not a little surprised that the Orphan should become his advocate. Mean time Mr. Jones was traversing the room backwards and forwards, in a great fume ; he was offended to the last degree with his wife and daughter, and still more with Sir Hugh : He reflected that Mr. Goldsmith would blame him for his little care and attention, and he hardly dared to look the Orphan in the face, who he thought by far the most injured party. Sometimes he wished he had not brought him to be a witness to the mortifying scene ; but then the native openness of his temper checked the wish. He looked upon concealments and fictions in a very bad light. In short, he could not resolve, for some minutes, in what manner to behave to Sir Hugh ; but how surprised, and even pleased, he

was

was, when the Orphan, advancing towards him, took him by the hand, and said, "My dear Sir, speak kindly to the poor man—If he loves our Lucy, it is not an error of his will; it is an irresistible impulse, which every one must feel that sees her. I profess to you, Sir, that I pity them both; and if they really love each other, it would be cruel, it would be ungenerous, to part them. If the lovely maid loves not me, I must be content; for I will never seek my own happiness at the price of her's. Do, Sir, speak peace to poor Sir Hugh; we shall have time enough to examine further by and by."—My dear child," Jones returned, folding him in his arms, "what a treasure will my foolish girl lose in losing thee—But I see she would never have deserved thee—but it shall be made up to thee an hundred-fold, if I live." Then turning to Sir Hugh, he wished for his speedy recovery, uttered some other forced kind expressions, and quitted the room with a visible disgust; but young Jones and the Orphan staid some minutes after him, said every thing they could to reassure him, and they parted with a perfect esteem of each other.

During this time Mrs. Jones's moments had been dreadful: All her projects to de-
ceive

ceive Mr. Goldsmith into a good opinion of her, and to ruin the Orphan, were, by this unexpected fatal accident, rendered abortive; she knew not which way to turn; her brain was a chaos of confusion, and she was quite lost to all presence of mind. In this condition she and her daughter, who became calm, and tolerably easy, before night, were removed to their own house, after the Orphan and her brother had assured her Sir Hugh would soon recover. There we shall leave them, and give the reader a true account of the late affair.

Lucy, quite a coquette, though she really loved Sir Hugh, could not prevail upon herself to discard the crowd of admirers that followed her, and paid homage to her beauty, amongst whom was the aforesaid Mr. Howorth, a man of a good family, but little fortune, and a genteel address. He was one of those gay and thoughtless young fellows who spend their time in dancing, attendance upon the ladies, wherever they can be admitted, and who, even if he received no particular encouragement from them, would never fail to talk of his success. He had, by his own account, amours and intrigues with women he never saw, and would be so ridiculously vain as
even

even to produce letters from them, all indited in his own scrawl. In short, he was the most egregious fop and coxcomb that ever pestered a family ; and as he had seen London, knew its customs, and had commenced a complete Buck there, he was so free of all regard to moral obligations, that he said and did whatever his fancy or ideas of pleasure led him to, and was a living lie every moment he existed. He had never been at Carmarthen before, and therefore was very little known there ; so that he was admitted soon into the best and worst company in the town ; the former deceived by his family and plausible address ; the latter's regard conciliated by similar vices. With the unconfined by virtue and principle, he could not long wait to be introduced to Mrs. Joyce, whose house was too much the resort of such gentry of both sexes, and where frequent balls and concerts also caused the innocently gay to assemble. It was at one of these meetings he became an humble servant of Miss Lucy, nor hesitated immediately to tell her so. She thought him not disagreeable, and gave him such an ambiguous answer, as puffed up his vanity extremely, and induced him to appear wherever she appeared herself ; nor was
the

she cautious at all in relation to Sir Hugh, who she looked upon as a part of her goods and chattles, one she could and must oblige with matrimony at last, and till then resolved to do whatever she listed: But that gentleman was soon piqued at what he observed, expostulated with his Lucy, and represented Howorth, whose character he knew, in his proper colours. Lucy treated these remonstrances as the effects of an unreasonable jealousy, and pleaded her right to be her own mistress; so that the *frequoy* between them, on this account, had occasioned, for some days before the accident, no little shyness between them. The indiscretion of the young lady, and her love of flattery and homage, had on that fatal night, afforded an assignation to Howorth; but with so little intention or inclination to oblige him further, that her mother was one of the party. The ready Mrs. Joyce, who had received tokens of Sir Hugh's bounty, and to whom Howorth had it not in his power to be so generous, sent notice to the Baronet as soon almost as they met. Foaming with rage, he repaired to the house, found them together, forced Mr. Howorth (who was one of those bad men that did not want spirit) to fight, wounded him desperately, and

and disarmed him; but not without receiving some hurts himself; whilst Lucy, distracted with his danger, and scared with the clashing of their swords, fainted in her mother's arms, and Mrs. Joyce put on an air of the greatest surprise at the whole scene, and was really terrified for herself also. She would not have brought them together, had she known the consequences that would ensue, which now she doubted not would point out her house, as it deserved, to the notice of the magistrates. To avoid this, she had them conveyed to separate apartments, sent for surgeons as privately as she could, was in hopes Howorth, whose wounds were pronounced dangerous, would not die upon her hands, and entirely expose her; and on the same principle she had sent, as before related, to Mr. Jones. She happened to be so fortunate, that in about a fortnight's time that rake returned perfectly cured to his own lodgings; and as to Sir Hugh, he got well in a very few days, which, for this time, saved her; as Mr. Jones did not care to stir against her, fearful of his wife and daughter's reputation.

The Orphan, and young Jones and his father were inseparable during the week or ten days he staid at Carmarthen, and

Sir

Sir Hugh now openly visited Miss Lucy, who, since the late affair, shewed him more respect than before, and, scared to death, resolved to try no more such dangerous experiments. She behaved with much respect to her old companion, who contrived all he could to forward her connections with Sir Hugh, not only because he hoped it would make them happy, but as it would certainly free him from all embarrassment. Mrs. Jones, quite confounded, as before observed, did not know how to behave: Her husband constantly accused her of her duplicity of conduct and her indiscretion; and if her son preserved too much reverence to reproach her, she could well perceive he was far from approving her behaviour. The generous orphan was the only one that spoke respectfully to her, and endeavoured to inspire her with presence of mind; which though she outwardly appeared grateful for, she nevertheless hated him now worse than ever, and looked upon his triumph (as she thought it) over her, with a malignant eye. When he left Carmarthen, he would have persuaded young Jones to accompany him; but his business would not permit him at that time, and his father plainly told him he had not courage to face
Mr.

Mr. Goldsmith, and therefore left to him the making proper excuses for him, and the relation of what had happened: So taking a polite farewell of Sir Hugh, Mrs. Jones, and Lucy, he left Carmarthen, with a heart quite at ease, and blessing God, who had worked such miracles, as he styled them, in his favour. As he rode along, however, he reflected with concern on the probable effects of the disappointment of Mr. Goldsmith, and feared it might be baneful to his health; yet hoped Mr. Jenkins had so paved the way to it, as to render him more patient than otherwise he knew he would be. He gave a loose, at intervals, to the exultation of his heart, on the now still more probable union betwixt him and his adorable Miss Thomas, whose charms and graces were never absent from his mind, and amidst this variety of reflections alighted at St. Ismael. Mr. Goldsmith was walking in the avenue before his house, wishing for his return, and promising himself, by his stay, a speedy issue to an affair which so much concerned him; not without indulging a little silent ideal triumph over his friends, Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Lloyd, who he doubted not, at his son's return, would be convin-

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ced of the folly of their doubts and scruples.

He no sooner perceived him advancing, than springing forwards with an eagerness and agility which his pleasing and sanguine hopes inspired, he caught him in his arms, welcomed him tenderly home, and, in the same breath, asked how his dear Lucy did not doubting but he had passed his hours with the utmost felicity at Carmarthen. If possible, the Orphan's return of this embrace was warmer than the embrace itself; for not only his constant affection, but the bad news he had to impart, quickened his sense of gratitude, and he was willing, by every word and action, to make him amends, as it were, for his disappointment. After paying his respects to Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry, he went with his father into the parlour, and being both seated, Mr. Goldsmith said, "Well, my dear, how does your Lucy do?—what temper of mind did you find her in?—is she as worthy your love as you have always thought her?" Thus, in this indirect way, did he inquire after matters, not willing yet more directly to interrogate, but giving scope for his son to enlarge in his rapturous encomiums, which he now expected fondly to hear.

The youth, to his great surprise, continued some moments silent, and considering how to begin his tale: At length he returned, " My dear Sir, I have been witness to very melancholy and mortifying scenes at Carmarthen ; but I hope they will not too much affect you in the relation ; that consideration is the only one that I suffer to give me pain. Consider, my honoured Sir, what you have so often inculcated upon my mind, That we must absolutely depend upon nothing in this world of trouble, doubt, and uncertainty ; and therefore, after exerting our best endeavours in our pursuits, we must humbly leave the issue to providence, and neither murmur nor complain at disappointments. Oh ! my father, arm your mind with these considerations, and suffer not yourself to be cast down, to grieve at the representation I must make you of the situation of affairs at Mr. Jones's." He then, without suffering him to make a reply, informed him of all that had passed there, the commission he had from Mr. Jones, and the sacrifice he himself had made of his pretensions to the happiness of Sir Hugh and Lucy, and thus concluded: " We may perceive, Sir, Lucy's heart was never mine ; that she loves Sir Hugh, as ar-

dently as he loves her ; and that their mutual affection has all along had the sanction of Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones really bent upon disposing of his daughter, according to your desire, has been made the dupe of their intrigues, and, poor man, is mortified to the last degree ; so much, indeed, as to be unable to face you. I, for my part, did, I thought, what was right—I think we should not interrupt the happiness of the young couple, and wish you would afford them your favour and countenance : As to Mrs. Jones, I don't know how it is ; but I can perceive she loves me not, and that all her civility to me is forced : I will not pretend to investigate the motives for her aversion, as her behaviour to me has ever been very problematical ; but I detest her introducing her daughter and Sir Hugh to a house of which Mr. Jones gives so wretched a character, and for which, as well as her non-compliance with his views, after such fair promises, he is so exasperated. But, dear Sir, I beseech you to extend your pardon to Lucy—let her partake still of every distinction and favour you designed her—Sir Hugh, I make no doubt, will, from what we have observed of him, make her a good and a kind husband, and seems to have entirely
forgot

forgot the injury he received from her indiscretion. I hope Mr. Jones will also meet with your excuse; he certainly always meant as he said. And now, dear Sir, having no object but your ease and satisfaction, I will endeavour to make every passing hour of your life happy—the rising morn and the closing eve shall be witnesses of that eternal gratitude, that unbounded affection and veneration, with which I will endeavour to cheer your hours. Oh! my father, I feared to be the bearer of these tidings—let me wipe the tears from those honoured cheeks, or let me join them with mine!”

They both wept—Mr. Goldsmith's situation at the close of this narration was almost indiscrivable: Thus suddenly, thus unexpectedly, the favourite scheme of so many years erection—so fondly, so intently nursed and hooded over—so certainly upon the very point of completion—to be thus at once destroyed, we need not wonder, if, absorbed by an hundred different and confused ideas, he was for some time unable to speak, and if he shewed those other signs of weakness, which the strongest minds are not unapt to. At first he began to fancy, from the similarity of his son's and Mr. Jenkins's intelligence, that a set-

ted design had been formed against Lucy and the match—but he soon rejected the thought—he knew the Orphan too well to think he would be guilty of falsehood; and the circumstances and proofs he brought, the evidence of Mr. Jones and his son, which might be so readily recurred to, convinced him the whole was too true: Yet his waking was as from a pleasing dream, where the happy dreamer tries to sleep again, and for some time flatters himself the cheering illusion is real—The baseness of Mrs. Jones shocked him extremely, and he now accused himself of folly in putting Lucy into her hands; if he had not, he made no doubt but all his wishes would have been gratified. The generosity of the Orphan to Lucy, and even to her mother—his tender and affectionate expressions, in the conclusion of his late speech, touched him, and, if possible, engaged his affection, more than ever. In a word, he had the mortification to have no one to blame but the mother and the daughter, and his own too sanguine expectations. What could he do? how was he to act in this situation? To persist in his scheme, after what his son had been witness to, would have been egregious folly; nay would have been madness and tyranny

tyranny with a witness: His generous nature disclaimed it; nor did he suffer the little shame he must undergo, after having been so positive with his old friend Jenkins, to sway him for any long continuance. In short, if he had erred, his own mind was a faithful record, that he had erred from the best motives imaginable; and now he hugged himself in the reflection that matters had gone no further; for at last his eyes were opened, and he perceived with Lucy the Orphan must have been unhappy. Like himself, having in a few minutes reflected over all these circumstances, and formed his conclusions—relieved, as it were, from an oppressive burden, and resuming all that benevolence, that benignity so natural to him, he rose and embracing his son, said, “My child, I will not conceal from you that I have been very much mortified at your relation, and the ruin of my plan for your future happiness in this life—but it is over—I give it to the winds—Poor girl!—how much degenerated from what she was!—that infamous mother!—I want words to pains her baseness!—I pity Lucy; and though she has thought proper to counteract my views, will, as you desire it, still be her friend, if she behaves as she ought
to

to do—If she makes a prudent wife to Sir Hugh Owen, who it seems then is her choice—May they be happy together! Nor will I be angry with Mr. Jones; they have been too artful for him, as my worthy Jenkins lately hinted: But, my son, let me hope I am the only person in pain upon this incident; let me not think that the behaviour of this girl has planted a dagger in your bosom—caused an incurable wound; for I can conceive that disappointed love must inflict unceasing torture. Alas! though from another source, I felt it once too severely myself not to sympathize with you.” “My dear father,” the youth replied, “I owe you all sincerity—I ever loved Lucy; but it was rather with a fraternal affection, than with the warmth and passion of a lover. I will own, as I know you wished the closest union between us, that I endeavoured to cultivate the tenderest regard for her; but whether repressed by her gaiety, her flightiness, or what, I could never bring my heart to feel what I would fain have taught it to feel for her. I still love her as a sister—shall ever do all I can to promote her happiness; but do not find I am unhappy by her rejecting me.” “Thank heaven,” Goldsmith returned, “that it is so—then
let

let me, my child, in answer to all thy agreeable and tender declarations of affection for me, which I know to be perfectly sincere and upright, assure thee, that I have the happiness of no other object so much at heart as thine—nothing that can come in competition therewith—that I love you even more than if you were my own child—for your goodness of heart, your grateful mind, and those numerous endearing perfections you possess, which have attracted the esteem of all your friends. In regard to marriage, your own choice shall be mine, and I care not how soon I see you blessed in the arms of the woman you can love.—Come, my son, let us pay a visit to our friends, Mr. Lloyd, his amiable lady, and the good Jenkins.—I have an account to settle with them—particularly the latter, which, however humiliating it may be, as an honest man, who is now ashamed of his errors, I am resolved fully to discharge.—Come, let us go—methinks I begin to breathe more freely—to be relieved from a burden which lay too heavy upon my shoulders. Nothing less than the demonstration you have given me could have removed it.”

Never was joy equal to the Orphan's at this return of his honoured patron to reason,

reason, to calmness. He had been in the utmost anxiety about the issue of this affair, to him particular; he feared it would have impressed a lasting grief, that it would have plunged him in perpetual melancholy, considering the determined resolution he had expressed, and the sanguine expectations he entertained, of the success of his scheme. Nothing less did he surmise than what had now happened—his gloom had painted distracting differences with this honoured protector—in fine, persistence in the match—and, on refusal, being turned out an alien and a wanderer in the wide world, deprived of the favour and converse of the man he loved the best: But such a turn as this filled him with wild, with even oppressive transport, which he could not conceal. He flung himself at his feet—he embraced his knees—his words were inspired with somewhat more than common, even to him, of energy, of delicacy, whilst he made those lively returns that his grateful heart dictated. In this posture, the almost adoring father surveying him with looks, pleased, bland, and admiring, Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry found them; for hearing Mr. Goldsmith talk of going to Mr. Lloyd's, they came to see every thing ready for the journey.

What

What a sight, for the two affectionate old matrons, who had been miserable a long time for fear of the consequences of his resolutions! Their entrance put a period to the scene, and the Orphan folding his arms alternately round their necks, cried, "Oh! my mother—my more than mother—my father—my honoured father—is," interrupted Goldsmith, "at length convinced of his error.—Lucy is not worthy my son—it is all over, and I am satisfied!" He seated them, and informed them of all that had happened at Carmarthen; and though these worthy women felt some pain for poor Lucy's indiscretion, they rejoiced extremely at being freed from apprehensions which for several months had occasioned them many anxious and sleepless nights, in the dread that the peace and harmony of the family would be soon broken, and their much loved Billy have a fatal dispute with his father.

After thus making the whole family at St. Isnael happy, their horses were saddled—they mounted, and set out for Mr. Jenkins's, with a serene satisfaction visible in their countenances, and their hearts at rest, save that Mr. Goldsmith preserved some little remain of regret for his disappointment, and some tenderness for poor Lucy;
for

for as to Mrs. Jones, he could not think of her with any tolerable degree of patience. The Orphan indulged now all his fond ideas; with a heart-felt joy recalled to his mind every virtue and grace of his lovely and amiable Miss Thomas; longed to be the bearer of the gladsome tidings of what had occurred at Carmarthen and St Ismael; to fold her once more to his bosom, and to obtain a licence from his father, openly to avow his passion. He looked forwards also with unutterable delight on the pleasure Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, and Mr. Jenkins, would participate of, and the surprise this providential, sudden turn of affairs, would give them. He reflected over all the various wonders of his life, he adored the goodness of heaven, and silently shed a tear to the memory of his unknown and unfortunate parents; which last thought checked, in some measure, his satisfaction.

They alighted at the good parson's, and were received by Mrs. Jenkins with abundance of civility, who told them her spouse, and Mr. Lloyd and his lady, had been at Sir Trevor Thomas's ever since his last seeing him at St. Ismael. "It seems," added she, "that calling at Mr. Lloyd's on his return from your house, he there met

met with that gentleman and his daughter on a visit, and they insisted upon his going with them, and spending some time at his seat; which he readily complied with. This I did not know till a day after, when he dispatched a messenger, with a letter, in which he desired some linen to be sent him, by which, I suppose, his stay will be longer than he at first intended, particularly as he has engaged his neighbour, Mr. Evans, to supply his absence at church on the next Lord's day." Mr. Goldsmith looked at his son with a penetrating eye upon this intelligence, who could not so sufficiently conceal his satisfaction; but that his father perceived it, and said, "Shall we follow them, my dear, to Ithin Duon? Methinks I have a longing desire to see that worthy man, and that phoenix of her sex, his daughter—Perhaps," added he with a smile, "you will be pleased to renew your acquaintance with that amiable family, begun by accident, and continued by your transaction with Mr. Manley and his lady."—The Orphan blushed, and replied, "Dear Sir, I shall be entirely governed by you in all things, and I am sure you will reap a great deal of pleasure by your visit. If there is any person in Wales who is like you, in goodness and benevo-

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lence of heart, it is that excellent gentleman, who I cannot help loving"—“and, or I am much mistaken, whose daughter you cannot help loving still more,” interrupted this indulgent father: “but let us first acquaint Mrs. Jenkins with the late behaviour of her old friend Mrs. Jones.” He then directly told her how affairs were situated at Carmarthen, and their consequences, willing to hear what she would say to the matter. Mrs. Jenkins, not a little proud of the confidence Mr. Goldsmith seemeth to repose in her screwed up her face, and broke forth into the bitterest censures of Mrs. Jones, called her wicked and naughty woman, and protested she would never exchange another word with her; nor could forbear adding, “Ah! Sir, you may see now what infallibly be-tides those persons who have not the grace of God before their eyes!”—“Very true, Madam,” returned Goldsmith; “here you express yourself properly—we may see the woeful effects of perverting the free-will by which we have power to choose good or evil, to the purposes of false pleasure and gratification. But you make no doubt, with me that it was in Mrs. Jones’s option to follow a different course than that she has steered: No other cause can

can be assigned for her falling off from prudence and virtue, than her own depraved inclinations, and false notions of happiness." Mrs. Jenkins knew too well she should have no chance in arguing with Mr. Goldsmith, but could not refrain a look of sovereign contempt at what he said. She was particularly complaisant, however, to him and his son, and they left her to ruminate over what had been said, and pursued their journey to Ithin Duon.

The father and son, equally happy, reached Brinmult, lodged at their old friend's that night, and the next morning, not forgetting to visit Mr. Manley's late abode in their way, about ten o'clock arrived at Ithin Duon, Mr. Goldsmith not an unaffected spectator of the fine prospect that old seat afforded, nor of the content that seemed so visibly to inspire the tenants all around it.

It happened that the whole family were then in Miss Thomas's temple, as they were informed by the servants at their entrance, who all seemed delighted with the sight of the Orphan, and were hastening to their principals, striving who should be the bearer of such agreeable tidings; but he put a stop to their career, and told them, as he knew the way, he would be his own

harbinger. He then conducted his father through the several mazy walks of the garden, which led to the endeared spot where all his honoured friends were now assembled; and whilst Mr. Goldsmith, at every step, expressed his delight at the beauties scattered around him; at the kind conjunction of art and nature, which had produced such agreeable effects, he himself was lost in contemplation on his present happy situation: With far other ideas he now approached the sacred retreat of his amiable maid, than when to all appearance doomed to misery, he had first declared his love. He now brought with him that parent, that friend, whose unhappiness he dreaded, and who now, he made no doubt, would soon give a sanction to his love, when he should perceive the worth of Sir Trevor and his daughter, enjoy their improving converse, and be witness to virtues so nearly allied to his own: He felt delicately felt, the felicity this would impart to his dearest Sukey, and the abundant satisfaction it must afford to his assembled friends. Though these thoughts filled his mind, yet they did not so wholly engross him as to render him neglectful of the pleasure of his patron. He pointed out to him every beauteous scene which
pre-

presented itself, as they passed along made proper observations thereon, all tending to raise his admiration of the lovely designer, by whose judgment this spacious garden had been very advantageously improved. They were perceived by Miss Thomas first, as they entered her inclosure, whose heart beat quick at the sight of her much-loved youth though she wondered what strange gentleman was his companion, whose good mein, and gentle countenance, however, she could not help admiring, and thought too she must have seen before. "See, dear Madam, Gentlemen," she said, "what a welcome visitor we have there; shall we meet him?" They all looked out at these words; but what surprise could equal Mr. Jenkins's, Mr. Lloyd's, and that of his spouse, when they beheld their old friend himself with his son: They looked at each other with astonishment, and rising from the table (for they had breakfast that morning in the temple) cried, all at once, "Sir Trevor!—Mr. Goldsmith!—Is it possible!"—That gentleman and his son were now approached so near, that the amazed Baronet and his daughter had no time for reply; but the former advancing to them, first greeted the Orphan in the kindest

terms, and then turning to Mr. Goldsmith, said, " My worthy neighbour, I want words to express my sense of the favour you do me ; a favour I have longed for every day since our meeting at Llanelly, and my knowledge of your worth and goodness : But I must say no more at present ; behold, Sir, my daughter—your excellent friends—crowd to join me in my gratulations !" The young lady, bestowing an affectionate glance on her lover, advanced to Mr. Goldsmith, and with that fascinating softness and complacency in her manner, so natural to her, paid him her respects, her lovely face covered with blushes, Mr. Goldsmith, who now viewed her without his former prejudices, was struck equally with her person and address, and said, " Miss Thomas may be assured, that nothing in the world can be more agreeable to me, than to have the happiness of seeing a lady whose beauty can be excelled by nothing but her good sense and virtue." Then turning to Sir Trevor, " Ah ! Sir, I have been a great loser by delaying my respects to you so long ; I fear I shall now begin to be too troublesome—I shall be eager always to be witness to your happiness, and to partake of it with sincerity, and to shew you on all occasions how
much

much I think myself your debtor for your friendship and civility to my son." Sir Trevor was about to reply, when Mr. Lloyd, Mrs. Lloyd, and Mr. Jenkins, still more and more amazed, stepped forward to pay their respects to their neighbour, whose behaviour appeared so different from what was expected. He saluted Mrs. Lloyd, and whispered in her ear, "My dear Madam, Billy is at liberty—I am convinced of the folly of my long concerted scheme, and am pleased and happy." The good lady could not contain her satisfaction; but before them all, throwing her arms round his neck, embraced him over and over, and answered, "Then, my dear friend, we are all blessed indeed!—and let me tell you, I love you still more than ever I did before." The company, though they did not perfectly hear what they said, perceived by Mrs. Lloyd's action and her looks at the Orphan, that it was somewhat pleasing relative to his affairs; and Mr. Goldsmith embracing Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Jenkins, said, jocosely to the former, "Come, my dear Lloyd, don't be jealous—you have been witness that lady and myself, even in our younger days, have been as familiar."—"Ay, ay, Sir," Mr. Lloyd returned, in the same tone,

tone, "she's a saucy slut, and never learnt yet to hide the motions of her heart—However, I am sure you must have said very agreeable things to her, to have inspired her with so much rapture." Mean time the Orphan was drawn, by the irresistible impulse of his heart, to the object of his affections, and said softly to her, "Oh! my lovely maid! what wonders heaven has worked in my favour!—See that honoured friend and patron!—See his placid look and mein!—he is happy—and can we long wait the completion of our wishes?—No, my charmer, the youth you honour with your affection, I never believed could be unhappy." It was impossible for the young lady to reply—Sir Trevor, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Lloyd, his lady, alternately embraced him, seeming, with inquiring eyes, to seek in his face the reasons for this blessed turn in his favour.

They now accorded with Sir Trevor's proposal to adjourn to the house, where they might more conveniently indulge themselves in conversation. A dinner suitable to the company was served up at the usual hour, and every one vied to make themselves agreeable. The good sense of Mr. Goldsmith attracted the respect of Sir Trevor and his daughter; for,
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charmed with the society he was in, his heart was exhilarated, and he shone even beyond what was usual, to the extreme gratification of the Orphan, the pride of whose heart was raised by the distinctions paid him. Miss Thomas said little; but what she uttered was proper and judicious, and Mr. Goldsmith, who remarked her with great attention, shewed by his looks, as well as his words, the esteem she had excited in him, which the whole company regarded as an happy omen. Turning to Mr. Jenkins, he said, "My friend, I must ask your pardon, which I do most sincerely, before all these worthy friends, for my behaviour when we last met; but I flatter myself you know me too well to imagine it flowed from any thing but my adhering too much to that candour with which I judge of other persons, and the pleasing ideas I had formed of an union which had long dwelt upon my mind, and was, as it were, rivetted there; thank God I have been undeceived in time, and convinced I was wrong, though unintentionally so: You know human nature too well, not to make proper allowances to an erring friend: But I am waked from my dream—the deception is no more—I know now all you told me was true—Nothing
less,

less, indeed, than my son's being witness to part of Mrs. Jones's and Lucy's management, could have, I believe, opened my eyes—He shall tell you all—he is now free from any obligation in that matter—his duty and respect to me will, I hope, meet its proper reward elsewhere. Once more, my friend," rising, and taking Jenkins by the hand, "forgive me—In the many years of our social intercourse, it was, I will venture to say, the first point in which our judgment differed so widely."

Overcome with such an instance of Mr. Goldsmith's candour and generosity—with joy at what he heard—the worthy pastor was some moments lost in silent admiration, as were the rest of the company; when recovering himself, he embraced him with eagerness, and exclaimed, "Forgive you! dear Sir—forgive you!—Can you forgive me, who so ruggedly, so inconsiderately, attacked those generous sentiments, those noble and praise-worthy designs, that then employed you?—Ah! my friend, you make my indiscretion odious to me: Forgive *me*—or, rather, since you will have it so, let us exchange mutual forgiveness—I want words to express the elevated opinion I have of a gentleman who can thus nobly conquer his prejudices
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and prepossessions — thus acknowledge them! Oh! may you long live to reap the rewards of your unexampled goodness—long to reap the heart-felt joy you must feel in seeing your much loved son, happy as your fondest wishes would have him!”

—The Baronet and Miss Thomas, who every moment found occasion to think more highly of this excellent man, and who already began to love him, were transported with this instance of his friendship and condescension, and Mr. Lloyd and his lady gazed upon him with an ineffable delight: Though for so many years they had been witness to his virtue and goodness, he was now raised still higher in their opinion. “Ah!” says that gentleman, “we are all subject to error and deception—But where shall we find one like you, my friend, who can, with such ingenuity, acknowledge it? Alas! your’s was an error of such a nature, so sanctified, I may say, by appearances, that it was rather a virtue than a fault. No, my dear Goldsmith, your whole life has been engaged in conferring happiness—At this moment you are making us all happy; we will strive to make you supremely so, even before we leave this hospitable roof.”

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Goldsmith, conscious he had done what became him, and pleased at the universal satisfaction he had communicated, partook of it himself with sincerity, and now, all seated, he desired his son to relate what had happened at Carmarthen, which he did with as much tenderness to Mrs. Jones and her daughter as possible, and mingled with just encomiums upon Jones and his son, and Sir Hugh Owen. He went further; he described the regret and fear, on his father's account, with which he imparted to him these tidings, and painted the generous and tender manner of his behaviour thereupon in such striking colours, as, though it charmed him, and all present, called up blushes into his cheeks. It is impossible to describe the feelings of the auditors; Mr. Lloyd, his lady, and Mr. Jenkins, were transported, and the Baronet in raptures: They perceived, they thought, the hand of heaven in all this; and as to Miss Thomas, the tears stood in her eyes—she could not help discovering the salutary consequences of this accident to the Orphan and herself; but yet she pitied Miss Lucy, and was concerned her old admirer Sir Hugh had met with such mortifications: She even entered into an excuse of Lucy, grounded upon her youth
and

and inexperience, the imprudence of her mother, and the apparent levity of her disposition; and made no doubt, when she became her neighbour by her marriage with Sir Hugh, that she should pass many agreeable moments in her company: "I will," added she, "never believe that a form which beams so much beauty and harmony can include a heart unworthy of inspiring it: It is our duty to be favourable in our judgment of others, and I will persuade myself that Miss Lucy will, at last, be an ornament to the state providence shall place her in, which I sincerely wish. I am sure no one here but must do the same, when they consider the hand they had in her education, and the affection that excellent gentleman has for her: For my own part, I must say, the various instances of his goodness have made so deep an impression upon my mind, that I shall ever reverence and honour him, as an ornament to human nature, and endeavour to love what he loves, and improve my mind by his example."

The cordial affectionate look at Mr. Goldsmith, the spirited, and yet tender accent, the rising blush which accompanied these words, the kind and considerate sense they conveyed, the candour they expressed,

pressed, had a most surprising effect on the company, but more than all upon Mr. Goldsmith; and, indeed, though dictated by nothing but her native goodness and her benevolence, had all the effect of a studied design upon that gentleman. She had already made, in so short a space, a wonderful progress in his esteem and affection; he had viewed her person with delight; he had admired her manner and sentiments, - and he had always honoured her character: His partiality for Lucy cured, he did now ample justice to her beauties and graces: As they sat together, he surveyed his son and her, and imagined he never beheld a more lovely pair; he silently wished to obtain such a partner in life for him, and thought they seemed formed for each other. All this his discerning friends observed; nor did it escape the happy Baronet, whose heart presaged thence the most salutary consequences from this providential visit. The Orphan, who knew so well his thoughts by his looks, was not at a loss to judge what passed in his mind, which raised him to the summit of felicity. At the close of Miss Thomas's kind speech, he looked at her with a countenance in which shone mingled pleasure, love, and gratitude. "Ah! dear young

young lady," he answered, "I find by what I feel, that my heart can yet be touched with the accents of beauty, and shall be but too proud of your good opinion—I will endeavour to deserve it—your honoured father's affection will scarce exceed mine. Would to God, charming maid, you loved one object which I have in my eye, who is the object of my tenderest regard—that would indeed raise me to the highest state of bliss in this world—bliss to be envied—I have your word, fair lady, that you will endeavour to love what I love—I wish you could perform your promise there—he is all—" He was here interrupted by Sir Trevor, who, with an animated air, rising, seized his daughter's hand, and leading her to Mr. Goldsmith, said, "She is, I assure you, Sir, incapable of breaking her word; take her, my friend—dispose of this hand where you think it will be most acceptable; I run no hazard in giving her into the power of a gentleman, whose discernment will direct him to bestow her on the man who alone deserves her." The air, the delighted air, with which the Baronet expressed himself, could only be equalled by that with which Mr. Goldsmith received the precious gift. "Sir Trevor!" he exclaimed, "dearest Miss

Thomas!—what words!—Ah! dear lady, if your affections are not pre-engaged, here—(leading her to the Orphan)—here I would give your hand—to a youth who will endeavour to merit you.”—“And,” (falling on his knees) returned the Orphan, “thus, my honoured friend, my beneficent patron—thus, with a heart overcome with joy, with extacy, do I receive the invaluable, the inestimable boon!”—The charming maid, though covered with blushes, gave him her hand with inexpressible grace; and turning to Mr. Goldsmith, said, “Sir, I can deny you nothing, since, in the first instance of your exertion of the authority you have over me, you have gratified the pride, the pleasure, the inclination of my heart, and made the same choice my own judgment would have convinced me it was right to make.”—“Heavens!” Mr. Goldsmith exclaimed, embracing first one, and then the other—“this is happiness indeed!—Generous Sir Trevor!—how, how shall we merit the gift you bestow upon us!—A gift far above all price—which the most exalted, the best of the human race, could surely never deserve!—Have I lived to behold all our cares, all our anxieties for this loved, this virtuous youth, so rewarded!—Help me,
my

my dear friends, to thank the worthy Sir Trevor as I ought!—to pour forth the overbearing gratitude of my soul!—Most accomplished—best of thy sex—may my son prove, by every action of his future days, worthy of thy love!—May I daily be witness to your increasing tenderness!—May all your hours be gilded with the sunshine of prosperity!—May you display to the world, charming pair, the never-failing harmony and comforts of a union raised upon the basis of mutual love and virtue!—Oh! look down, thou Father and giver of every good gift, with a propitious eye upon them!—May the light of thy countenance shine upon them, thy providence direct and bless them, and make them still the pride of their parents, a comfort to their friends, and exemplars to a careless and a corrupted world!”

Towards the solemn conclusion of this affecting rhapsody, the lovely maid knelt by her lover, and both, by their looks, shewed how much they were affected. Sir Trevor raised them, and alternately folding them in his arms, bestowed upon them, with the fondest epithets, his blessing—adding, “Now, my children, you see how heaven has interested itself in your favour; the approbation of Mr. Gold-

smith makes us all happy, and I will call this delightful hour the most fortunate of my whole life." Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Lloyd, and his lady, quite in raptures, embraced Goldsmith, the Baronet, the Orphan, and Miss Thomas; their hearts so swelled with satisfaction, as to admit them to utter only sudden apostrophes of their joy, their warm wishes, and the felicitous transports that distended their bosoms.

The temper of mind this fortunate event had produced, may better be imagined than described, and permitted little calm converse for the remainder of the day. The eyes which were admiringly wandering over each other, and frequently lifted up to heaven, in silent grateful acknowledgments, seemed to supply the want of speech, and they retired to their several apartments, the most pleased, happy people, that, perhaps, ever entered into society with each other. Mr. Goldsmith had now no fears, no apprehensions; his love to his son was gratified in the highest degree; he perceived all his wishes in his behalf on the point of being accomplished, in a union with the best and most lovely of her sex, who in one day's time had made a progress in his affection that was almost incredible. Mrs. Lloyd had now

got a friend in Miss Thomas, that excited all her esteem, and a wife for her beloved youth, which she had always longed to call so. Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Lloyd were satisfied—they beheld their old friend, and the youth who had occasioned so many anxious thoughts, enjoying perfect and supreme happiness, and no hovering cloud impending to disturb or destroy it. Sir Trevor had at length disposed of his daughter in such a manner as must secure her welfare, prosperity, and felicity, his own happiness, and that of all his dependants, and continue his benevolent and munificent posterity to future times. The Orphan had no more dread, no severe regrets; his bosom beat high with exultation; he thought himself, as he really was, the most happy youth that ever had being; his whole heart was converted into love and gratitude; and as to Miss Thomas, who had been in the utmost pain and disquietude, under the apprehension of Mr. Goldsmith's being rendered unhappy, by the indulgence of their mutual affection, her felicity was complete: She could now indulge the feelings of her heart, could now own her affection for her dear youth, thus authorised by the sanction of two persons it was their desire and duty to consult

consult the approbation and satisfaction of. We will venture to affirm, that never were sincerer acknowledgments paid to the spring and source from whence all our blessings flow, than passed the lips of this amiable pair of lovers before sleep closed their long wakeful eyes.

They were first up, and met at the Temple where all their happiness begun: and now, freed from every restraint, the reader may suppose what tender, what endearing, what melting transport seized them, what vows were made of everlasting love, and of untainted fidelity. In fine, a whole fortnight passed, which scarce seemed a day, before the visitors at Ithin Duon could break from that enchanted place, where every thing had been contrived to make their abode pleasing and agreeable; nor did they then part; for the Baronet and his daughter were easily prevailed upon to spend some weeks, in return, at St. Ismael, and the manor-house in its neighbourhood. “You must, my dear,” says Mr. Goldsmith to Miss Thomas, “see your future husband’s friends and tenants, who, I am sure, you will make as happy as those at Ithin Duon; besides, you know Billy has two worthy old matrons, who will rejoice in his good fortune, long to see

see you, and I suppose are in eager expectation of our return.” “I assure you, dear Sir,” she replied, “I am all in haste to see those honoured persons, Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry—Ah! (turning to the Orphan) how shall we, even jointly, be able to recompence them sufficiently for their goodness!—to them, in great measure, we owe our present happiness; they will ever be dear to me—let us fly to embrace them.”

All things relative to the marriage of the Orphan and Miss Thomas had been agreed upon at Ithin Duon, and the lawyers had been consulted. It had been agreed they should wait for a letter from Mr. Manley, who with his spouse, they hoped, would soon be in England, as by their last, which came since Mr. Goldsmith had been at Ithin Duon, they were safely arrived in Portugal, found their uncle at the point of death, and, if he deceased, resolved to return to Wales directly, and hoped, they said, to be present at the nuptials of two persons they loved, and had so many obligations to; for they made no doubt of the match. In short, they expressed themselves so affectionately, that the young couple themselves, as well as Sir Trevor and Mr. Goldsmith, thought
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it would be unkind not to defer the marriage till they heard from them again. Sir Trevor was so prepossessed in the Orphan's favour, that he would have settled one moiety of his estate upon him at his marriage; but this he absolutely refused, and with his father insisted the whole should be settled on his wife and her children, as Mr. Goldsmith had left him his real estate, by devise, and upwards of 8000*l.* the latter of which he insisted upon paying into his hands immediately. It was mutually agreed, that during the lives of Sir Trevor and Mr. Goldsmith, the young people should live one month with Sir Trevor, at Ithin Duon, and one month at St. Ismaël, alternately, throughout the year, unless either of the fathers chose to join them and the other, at one of those seats. Mr. Lloyd and his lady promised to leave their estate to their eldest son, upon changing his name by act of parliament to Lloyd; and the worthy Jenkins said, his little patrimony should make part of the future children's fortune, after the demise of his wife. Thus, all happy to the last degree, they set out for St. Ismael, with a numerous attendance.

C H A P. XI.

Marriages, and a dreadful catastrophe.

UPON their arrival, Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry came out to receive them in the entrance of the avenue to the house, surprised to hear from Mr. Lloyd, that they were accompanied by Sir Trevor and his amiable daughter, of whose merits they had heard so repeatedly, not only from the Orphan, but from Mrs. Lloyd, and in whose favour they were so abundantly prepossessed. The Orphan introduced them to Sir Trevor and Miss Thomas, by whom they were received, particularly the young lady, with such distinction as plainly declared what a favourable opinion they had conceived of them, and, in fact, a few days intercourse convinced Miss Thomas of their worth, and perfectly enamoured them with her carriage and perfections. The Orphan rejoiced their hearts with a relation of all that had occurred since their absence, and they were now perfectly satisfied, as content and harmony reigned amongst all their friends, and their beloved youth was so happy. Miss Thomas

mas viewed with great curiosity Mr. Goldsmith's house, and the apartments where the Orphan had been so long concealed; was wonderfully pleased with the old Gothic structure, its gardens and offices, where she was to spend so many of her future hours. In a day or two they adjourned to Mr. Jenkins's, which distinction put his wife into the best humour imaginable, and afterwards visited all their friends within three or four miles of St. Ismael, to which they all returned from Mr. Lloyd's, after being absent near three weeks, in which time they partook of all the pleasures and diversions that could be devised. The news of the intended match, as it was made no secret of, spread far and wide, and was the cause of general rejoicing to all that part of the country, and even at length reached Carmarthen. This occasioned a visit from young Mr. Jones, to felicitate his friend. Their meeting was affectionately cordial; he was introduced to Sir Trevor and the young lady, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, and Mr. Jenkins, who cared for him as his merits deserved; and Mr. Goldsmith, as well as the Orphan, behaved in such a manner as to convince him of their perfect esteem. A few days after they also received a visit from the mortified

fied Jones himself, who appeared full of regret and confusion before Mr. Goldsmith; but that gentleman quickly dispelled his uneasiness. "My good and worthy kinsman," said he, "I sympathise with you in your disappointment; but you were not at all to blame; you acted with sincerity and uprightness, and I shall for ever value and esteem you: As an instance of which, I have, at your friend's my son's, earnest request, as well as from my own determination, resolved to divide 12000*l.* which I have at my disposal, between my poor Lucy, and that young gentleman my, god son, your amiable son; and I am sure, when I am gone hence, the same friendship which warms the breasts of my son and him, for each other, will continue to operate to their mutual advantage. I have some jewels and trinkets of my honoured mother's, which I shall equally divide between your wife and daughter; for Miss Thomas wants not those ornaments, having been well furnished before, and I would leave room for the fondness of her husband to increase them, according to his own fancy. And now, cousin Jones, let us pass a general amnesty, in which your wife, poor woman, shall be included; as we cannot directly fix the happy day when

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my son and Miss Thomas will be united, bring Sir Hugh and his destined spouse over when you can conveniently; tell them I insist upon her being married at St. Ismael, and by her old friend Mr. Jenkins, as one condition of my forgiving her for acting so contrary to my then wishes. Come, Sir," he continued, with a joyous action and countenance, "let me introduce you to my future daughter, her excellent father, and all the good company." They received him with that warmth and cordiality that Mr. Goldsmith's heartiness dictated, and the Orphan shewed his respect for him by so many tokens of kindness, that he thought he could never acknowledge sufficiently. He was transported with the instances of the regard displayed to him on every side, and protested he was happier in the view of his dear cousin's prosperity (so he called the Orphan) than in any circumstance that concerned his own family; adding, if Mr. Goldsmith had not made him his heir, he should have thought himself bound to present him with an equivalent out of his own fortune. Nay, he told Mr. Goldsmith he was too generous to his wife and daughter, who did not deserve it. But here the lovely Miss Thomas interrupted him.

“Sir,” she said, “don’t be too severe—I know love is not to be controlled by precept—If she loves Sir Hugh Owen, and I really think he deserves her love, who can blame her? It is pity that parental authority should be employed, where only advice and admonition should be made use of. I long to see Miss Lucy again, and make no doubt her future behaviour will conciliate the good-will of you and all her old friends.” Mr. Jones and his son, nay all the friendly company, were delighted with what she said; and the Orphan kissing her hand, publicly thanked her for her interposition in his dear Lucy’s behalf. Mr. Jones and his son staid several days at St. Ismael, charmed with the company they found there, made a tour with them to Ithiu Duon, returned to St. Ismael again, and departed thence to Carmarthen, full of that satisfaction and peace of mind which their treatment there had inspired.

When those gentlemen arrived at Carmarthen, they were profuse, before Mrs. Jones and Lucy, in their praises of Miss Thomas, and their expressions of love and gratitude to Mr. Goldsmith and the Orphan. The mother, who had never held up her head since the accident which rendered all her projects abortive, finding;

that in her husband's, and even in her son's eyes, she appeared very contemptible, would have expressed some sense of pleasure at what she heard; but alas! her reason was disordered: She had had recourse to drams to drown her griefs, and by fictitious flashes to raise her spirits. This had never till this time been perceived by any body in the family but Lucy, who had, notwithstanding her natural vivacity, often wept at it, and talked to her against the cursed practice. It was all in vain, however; and, her husband and son from home, she pursued that baneful vice in public, which had been confined before to her own chamber. In this situation they found to their great astonishment, she was, when they talked of what had happened; and they discovered by her speech she was incapable of judging or giving proper answers to what was said. As to Lucy, who had appeared very grave, and had scarce been out of doors since her late visit at Mrs. Joyce's, nor received any company but that of her fond lover, who had informed her of the Orphan's generous procedure to him, her bosom was warmed with gratitude at what she heard, which betrayed itself first by a shower of tears, and then produced expressions of her affection.

fection for her cousin and Billy, and her sense of Miss Thomas's goodness, which gave her father and brother a better opinion of her temper of mind than they had for some time entertained. The condition of his wife, and the confession Lucy was now forced to make of its having become her custom thus to overwhelm her senses, gave him less pain than it did his son; for her whole behaviour, for so many years, appeared to him in such a point of light, as had rendered her odious to him, and made him very indifferent as to any of her actions. He would even have reproached her for her former misconduct, as well as her present, if his son and daughter had not besought him to spare her, and led her to her own chamber, where, as had oft lately been the case, Lucy and her maid put her to bed. In the evening of the same day, Sir Hugh Owen paid them a visit, and congratulating them on their return, asked very cordially after the health of Mr. Goldsmith and his son. Mr. Jones returned, "Why, Sir Hugh, I left them all well, with your neighbour Sir Trevor Thomas, his most charming daughter (who both, I assure you, expressed the highest value for you) Mr. Lloyd and his lady, and Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Gold-

smith, and Miss Thomas are promised to each other, and there is nothing but joy at St. Ismael and Ithin Duon. One thing I must tell you, and doubt not of your's and Lucy's compliance; Mr. Goldsmith insists upon your joining them at St. Ismael, and that Mr. Jenkins unites you, Sir, and my daughter in the bands of Wedlock. Indeed I don't see how you can either of you refuse this to so good a friend, who has promised to encrease Lucy's fortune, by the immediate payment of 6000*l*." "Refuse it, Sir!" cries the overjoyed Baronet—"dear Sir! dear miss! since we have your worthy father's approbation, let us make no delay; I long to see our good friends, and, my dear lady, to unite my fate to your's. I am charmed, Sir, at the intended match; my friend, Mr. Goldsmith, is alone worthy Miss Thomas, and she alone deserves such an husband." Lucy blushed, and silently gave her assent; and two days only were allowed her to prepare herself for the journey, and the solemn occasion for which it was designed. One thing troubled them much—Mr. Goldsmith expected to see Mrs. Jones; and indeed her absence on such an occasion could not, with propriety, be dispensed with: Yet, fearful she would, by the
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low vice she was subjected to, expose herself still more, it was long debated by Mr. Jones, whether she should not be excused on pretence of illness. However, at length, Sir Hugh, who was let into the secret, suggested that there could be no fear of her at Mr. Goldsmith's, where the very company would deter her from intoxicating herself: It was, therefore, at length agreed to make her part of their company. The wedding-cloaths had been provided before; for Mr. Jones determined, when he went to St. Ismael, and had invited his cousin and his son to Carmarthen, which was part of his business there, that Sir Hugh and his daughter should be married at his return.

At the appointed time they set out in two coaches and six, attended by their own and Sir Hugh's servants, in new liveries, the horses ornamented with ribbons, &c. for shew and parade still engrossed too much of Lucy's attention, and Sir Hugh fondly complied with all her desires. In this state, Mrs. Jones's heart swelling with pride, they arrived at St. Ismael, being met a mile from thence by Mr. Goldsmith, the Orphan, and all their guests, who had notice of their coming. The Orphan very respectfully handed Lucy out
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of the coach, whilst Mr. Goldsmith performed the same act of civility to Mrs. Jones, willing to demonstrate to her, that all resentment on his side was over. They were all received by the rest of the company with entire friendship and politeness. Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Julian, and Mrs. Penry, embraced Miss Lucy, felicitated her upon the present joyful occasion, and the Orphan told her she never looked better in her life. Miss Thomas in the most engaging manner, said she hoped her future acquaintance and friendship; and Sir Hugh, with great respect, paid his compliments to the company. Every thing now wore the face of pleasure at St. Ismael, which, with the domestics of Sir Trevor, Mr. Jones, and Sir Hugh, was now through every room inhabited. The next day, a licence having been procured, Mr. Goldsmith, by Mr. Jones's desire, gave Lucy's hand to Sir Hugh. The nuptial ceremony was performed with edifying solemnity by Mr. Jenkins, and the evening was spent with decent mirth and festivity. Next day Mr. Goldsmith divided his mother's jewels and trinkets between Mrs. Jones and lady Owen, and gave into Sir Hugh's hand drafts for the money he had promised his spouse, which that gentleman received

received with becoming gratitude. After some days spent in a very agreeable manner, Mr. Jones and his son invited the whole company, not forgetting Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry, to spend a week at Carmarthen, where he had left orders to provide for their reception. They made a shewy entrance into that town, being met by all their friends and acquaintance on horseback, and upon this occasion Mr. Jones kept open house for two or three days. From Carmarthen they attended Sir Hugh and his lady to their seat in the neighbourhood of Ithin Duon, which had been provided for their reception, and staid there for more than a week, when they left the new-married couple, Mr. Jones, his wife and son, and repaired to Ithin Duon, followed by the grateful thanks and blessings of those they had thus contributed to make happy.

Near four months passed after this before they received letters from Mr. Manley; during which the Orphan and Miss Thomas, though they thought the lagging time moved too tardily, yet enjoying the liberty of a perpetual intercourse, and witness of each other's virtues and perfections, the fruits of which every one felt within their sphere of action, sometimes at Ithin Duon,

Duon, often at St. Ismael, and gladding the hearts of their parents and friends, who perfectly idolized them, they waited with a patience that set their fortitude in the clearest point of view. The groves and streams were witnesses to the tender vows they interchanged, and every one longed for the happy moment that should unite them in indissoluble bands; but none so much as the fond parents, who every day shewed them fresh proofs of their love, which were returned by such piously sincere and constant endeavours to cheer and oblige, as were perfectly agreeable to those dear persons. They jointly inspected into the wants and necessities of their neighbours, relieved every distress they were witnesses to, like two ministring angels; nor did the Orphan forget to bestow every instance of regard upon Miss Thomas's foundling infant, who by their instructions was now become an engaging companion, and who he looked upon with more affection, as, like himself, he had been deprived of the knowledge of his real parents. He was called Trevor as they were acquainted with his true name.

Mean time they did not forget Sir Hugh and his lady, who, to all appearance, were happy and fond of each other, to whom they

they made frequent visits, as well as at Carmarthen; but their choicest hours were spent in the society of their parents, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, and Mr. Jenkins, whose affection for them increased every day, and who proudly contemplated their virtue and goodness.

Mrs. Jones had now sunk into the most deplorable condition that a human being could experience. Her vice of drinking had grown into a habit, and she was, notwithstanding all the admonitions of her husband, her accomplished son, and Mr. Goldsmith, seldom in a capacity to be conversed with. If she had any ideas of her former self remaining, they were of malice and ill-will to the Orphan, and even to all her friends at Ithin Duon and Kidwelly, which, in her fits of inebriation, she often betrayed; even her daughter's title and happiness, which had so agitated her brains, gave her little pleasure, when she could reflect that the Orphan was in the road of being so remarkably blessed. In short, she became a plague to herself and to all about her. Her old friends could not help thinking she was severely punished for all her faults and indiscretions, and sincerely prayed her sufferings might be confined to this life, and that the arms of
mercy

mercy might be open to her in the next, to which she was hurrying herself apace. It was in vain they endeavoured to deprive her of opportunities to gratify her reigning passion for liquor; in vain she was sent often to her son-in-law's, and to St. Ismael. She found means, with all the usual arts of persons so unhappily inclined, to procure too much of her baneful cordial; and when an interval of sobriety sometimes, perforce, occurred, she appeared stupid, insensible, and a mere machine; her face pale, and her body emaciated. A terrible accident, at length, terminated her crimes with her life. In a fit of intoxication, endeavouring to go down stairs from her apartment, in the absence of her maid, who imagined she was incapable of moving, she missed her step, and exerting her strength to save herself, fell over the banisters into the hall, and fractured her skull; she lay groaning some minutes, and died before any assistance could be procured, or indeed before she had been missed by her family. This dreadful catastrophe impressed sorrow upon the minds of all her relations and acquaintance; but upon no one more than the generous Orphan and Miss Thomas who had continued to give her every mark of respect. The friends

friends at Kidwelly were struck with such an instance of the tremendous judgments of heaven, which oft, even in this life, for wise ends and purposes, punishes its rebellious creatures. Her son felt severely, as well as Sir Hugh and Lady Owen; but Mr. Jones, whose sentiments of affection were never over delicate, and to whom she had afforded so many occasions of abhorrence and disgust, looked upon her death rather as a deliverance, though he outwardly shewed every decent mark of sorrow. In short, this accident, for a considerable space, broke in upon the enjoyments of all the united friends, and spread sadness over their minds, well portrayed by the sable dress they put on. But we must leave her in the hands of a merciful Being, who will make every possible allowance for his offending creatures, and pursue our narrative. They had just recovered from this misfortune, when letters arrived from Mr. Manley, with a number of choice presents for Sir Trevor, his daughter, and the Orphan. The letter to Miss Thomas contained the following lines, and was the substance of that to Sir Trevor.

*Dearest Miss,**London—.*

AT length I have a prospect of immediately returning to the seat of wisdom and goodness at Ithin Duon. We are arrived in this city, after a pleasant voyage of three weeks and two days, from Lisbon, having there lost our good relation, who we found given over when we landed at that port. Mr. Manley, by his death, has got quiet possession of 20,000 moidores, and household stuff, book-debts, &c. of nearly one half of that sum; all which he remitted to a friend in London, and found every thing secure upon his arrival. My brother's wife, of whom you have heard so much, had paid her last debt to nature before the money arrived from him, and we do not find she was ever in any distress; for her friends had procured her a fine cure at Windsor palace, which was sufficient for her maintenance. That unfortunate brother, alas! is now no more, as my uncle was advised from the Brazils, before we reached Lisbon. His partner, however, having heard of his relations, and finding him draw near his end, had persuaded him to make a will, in which he left all he was worth to Mr. Manley, amounting to about 6000 moidores,

dores, which will arrive at Lisbon, in specie or in goods, the next Brazil fleet, accompanied by some presents from his upright partner. I have had my health tolerably well during my absence from England, and Mr. Manley, I think, has improved therein; but all the scenes I have passed through never one moment banished from my mind my dear, dear Miss Thomas, her excellent father, or—may I still say so—that lovely youth whose heart you have, and who, I am sure, deserves your's. Just such an one—forgive me, my dearest Miss—I should have been the happy mother of at this time, if heaven had not thought fit it should be otherwise: But I will not taint you with the melancholy that still does, and ever will render life itself painful.—Only one word more—I have had a fine painting performed by a masterly hand, from the description my faithful memory could give of the sweet infant and Miss Horton, in the dress they wore at our unhappy parting with them, and which, I make no doubt, was the same in which they found their watery grave: It is the subject of many hours contemplation, when I retire to indulge my sorrows. I intend to persuade Sir Trevor to let it hang in the great parlour at Ithin Duon,

where we shall arrive in about a fortnight, never, I hope, to depart again from friends we have such reason to love and esteem, whose presence and converse will constitute all the felicity there remains for us in this life.—Adieu, dear Miss; remember my sincere respects to Mr. Goldsmith, and every one else to whom I am known—Expect us in the time we propose, and believe me your sincere and most affectionate friend, and obliged humble servant,
MARIA MANLEY.

P. S. Our kind relation at Dublin, we have heard, is well, and Mr. Manley has taken care to make a grateful return for all his former favours, which for a long time he would have generously declined the acceptance of. Indeed he is so rich, and so easy, as to require no addition to his earthly happiness.

The Orphan and Miss Thomas, full of affection and gratitude to Mr. Manley and his spouse, and, with Sir Trevor and Mr. Goldsmith, overjoyed they were so soon to arrive, and by their presence assist in conferring that supreme felicity upon them, which they had so long yearned after, severally dispatched immediately
answers

answers to their letters; the Orphan in his concluding, "Make haste, dearest friends—we wait your arrival with impatience—it shall be our united endeavour to wipe away all your regrets—or, if that is impossible, to share them with you.—Believe, that in myself, and my adorable Sukey, you will ever meet with the duty, the reverence, the love of a child you was so unfortunately deprived of—My honoured fathers burn to embrace you—Oh! what a scene of future bliss presents itself in our delightful intercourse at this then happiest of seats, *Ihin Duon!*"—Sir Trevor and Mr. Goldsmith (though yet unknown to them) wrote them most respectful and friendly letters, and the latter expressed his great obligations for their good-will and kindness to his son.

The intervening fortnight was passed more impatiently, than the whole space since the providential turn of our hero's affairs; it was not above three days beyond their appointment before their arrival, in a handsome equipage, at Sir Trevor's. Mrs. Lloyd, her worthy spouse, Mr. Jenkins and Mrs. Jenkins (to whom every one continued to shew much regard, on account of her excellent husband) happened to be there at that time. Mrs.

Manley and Miss Thomas wept over each other—the Orphan, with an impulse that was surprising to every one, flung himself into the arms of Mr. Manley, who seemed as much affected; but the tenderness of his lady to the youth surpassed all bounds—My child!—my deserving youth!—and other fond expressions, broke from her—she could not conceal the agitations of her breast. Sir Trevor received them with cordial warmth; Mr. Goldsmith and the rest of the company were wonderfully melted at the sight of the amiable persons of whom they had heard so much, and whose behaviour to the Orphan and Miss Thomas had moved them greatly: already the souls of these virtuous personages were united—such an openness and sincerity reigned amongst them, as if they had been long acquainted. Mrs. Manley, looking earnestly at Mr. Goldsmith, and then seizing his hand, which she conveyed to her lips, exclaimed—“Blessed be God that I live, to see a gentleman whom every one must love!—Ah! Sir, see in that lovely youth, the effects of your generous and humane cares. Gracious heaven! had it been the lot of my child to find such—but I am wrong—forgive, dear friends, my emotion.” She added, the tears streaming

streaming from her eyes, "it is ungenerous to damp the pleasure of this agreeable society with my griefs; but the similarity of the accidents, though, alas! not the preservation of Mr. Goldsmith and my infant, always struck me. May you live long, Sir, (resuming herself) to partake of the happiness you intend for him with this accomplished young lady; they alone are worthy of each other." Mr. Goldsmith replied in such a manner as not to augment her regrets, though he made the most warm returns for her kind expressions. The rest of the day, and the two or three succeeding ones, were spent in joy and festivity, every thing being contrived to shew these welcome guests how pleasing their arrival was, and to dispel the melancholy that was still visible in their countenances. Miss Thomas and the Orphan acquainted them with all that had occurred since their absence, not forgetting the fate of poor Mrs. Jones; at which Mrs. Manley, compassionate as her nature was, did not express much sensibility, considering her causeless persecutions of the orphan: Mr. Manley and his lady rejoiced in the felicity of their friends, and took it most graciously that the nuptials were so long deferred for them to be witnesses of them

them. They had the option of any part of Sir Trevor's house to reside in, and chose a retired set of apartments, next to Miss Thomas's, where they said they were determined to spend the residue of their days. Mrs. Manley had procured a great quantity of the costliest presents, in silks, brocades, jewels, &c. for Miss Thomas, and would insist upon Mrs. Lloyd's accepting some rich silks for her own wear. She also bestowed tokens of her respect upon Mrs. Jenkins, and sent over a present of many handsome habits to Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry, whose names had been so often mentioned to her, and whom she expressed her longing desire to see: nor did she forget some compliments of the like kind to Lady Owen, whom Miss Thomas had invited, with Sir Hugh, upon this occasion. To the Orphan she gave a set of buckles of diamonds richly set in gold, and Mr. Manley presented him with a sword, the hilt of which was ornamented in the same manner. Sir Trevor would not part with any of his guests, willing they should be all present at his daughter's nuptials, and only waited for Mrs. Manley's being thoroughly settled in her apartments to propose it; but that lady was beforehand with him, and one fine afternoon,

afternoon, when they had all retired to the Temple and its environs, she, smiling, delivered herself as follows: "Sir Trevor, it is now time to think of completing our own happiness, and that of this charming pair: as from respect to Mr. Manley and myself, it has been so long delayed—Let us intreat you and Mr. Goldsmith to leave to me the appointment of the time—this is Tuesday—on Thursday, if you have no objection, let the felicitous union take place. The Orphan's eyes, which visibly seemed to thank her, sparkled with uncommon brightness at these words: Miss Thomas blushed exceedingly, and held down her head; Sir Trevor and Mr. Goldsmith, in the same breath, gave their assent, and Thursday was fixed accordingly. The intermediate time was taken up in preparations for the joyous ceremony, which was not only to make two, but so many beings happy; and the Orphan did not forget to send to his friends, Mr. Jones and his son, Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry, who were caressed by every one, to be present at his nuptials. The Baronet resolved to keep open house for his friends and tenants for a fortnight; and Mr. Goldsmith sent the same directions to St. Ismael, where the whole company

were

were to be in a few days after the marriage.

The day arrived; one of the finest in the mildest season of the year: the weather itself seeming propitious to our lovers. At eleven o'clock, the Orphan, with Sir Trevor, Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. Manley, Mr. Lloyd, Sir Hugh, Mr. Jones and his son, and Mr. Jenkins in his canonicals entered the great chamber, over the hall. The Orphan was dressed in a suit of white and silver, which set off his amiable person, though it wanted no ornaments, to the greatest advantage. In a few minutes he went out; the folding doors of the next room were flung open, and presented the accomplished youth, handing Miss Thomas, attended by Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Lloyd, Lady Owen, Mrs. Julian, Mrs. Jenkins, and Mrs. Penry, all dressed to the greatest advantage; but the bride shone in all the splendor of a birth-day night; yet her lovely person added more lustre to her dress than it received from it. Her eyes, with an unassuming and timid modesty, bent to the ground, or raised by sudden starts; her fair face alternately pale as the lilly, and suffused with the rose's hue. The apartments were filled with joyful spectators; the whole vicinity being
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assembled. The delight that filled every heart, at the sight of the amiable pair, the finest patterns of excelling nature, were manifested various ways: in some of which number were even Mr. Goldsmith and his friend Sir Trevor, it caused the tears to start; whilst others could not refrain the expressions of their admiration, which broke out as it were spontaneously. All however blessed them, wishing them a long life, and perpetual felicity. Sir Trevor gave his daughter to the Orphan, and Mr. Jenkins, who was almost inspired upon the occasion, could not forbear, in the warmth of his affection and exultation, adding some affectionate petitions to his concluding prayer, particularly applicable to the occasion. After retiring some time, and receiving the felicitations of their friends, they appeared again: the house was illuminated, a superb entertainment for near 200 persons was provided, and the day concluded with music, dancing, and every other demonstration of joy and satisfaction, which, so much were the two families beloved, spread over the whole county. The fast friends of the Orphan, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, and Mr. Jenkins, were now perfectly happy, and as to Sir Trevor and Mr. Goldsmith, they seemed
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to have become young again, and to have resumed that vivacity which years had impaired. Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry, who were honoured like parents by the young couple, returned to St. Ismael, now ready, as they said, to resign their breath whenever providence called them, since they had seen their child so happy, their friends, and all around them. The duty and affection, the tender attention the lovely pair paid to the happiness of their parents and friends became so touching to them, that they seldom cared to be out of their sight. Mr. Manley and his lady felt all the fondness of parents for them, and that gentleman made a will in their favour. About six days after the wedding, and a day before they were to set out to spend some time at St. Ismael and Mr. Lloyd's, Mrs. Manley had the picture she mentioned in her letter to Miss Thomas, and which she had brought with her, put into the frame, and hung up in the place she desired it should: all the company were called to see it. It was a fine piece indeed, representing the sea agitated by a violent storm, with many vessels tossed about in the most dire distress; in the fore ground appeared a boat, as it were just launched from a ship's side, half buried in the waves
and

and sinking ; a young female, in all the agitations of horror and affright, clasped a beautiful infant in her arms, vainly endeavouring, as it should seem, to shield it from a death that appeared inevitable. In short, every figure in the piece glowed with just colouring and fine expression. Mr. Goldsmith seemed more struck with this picture than any one ; and, as it were to himself, after gazing attentively some time, said in a half whisper, which was heard by some of the company—"Heavens! is it possible!"—It was a considerable time before he could be engaged to leave the room, and he was observed to be very thoughtful till they set out for St. Ismael, and that he hastened the company as much as possible. His son and daughter, as well as Sir Trevor and the rest of the company, were alarmed, fearing some beginning illness ; but he answered their inquiries with a smile, and calling Sir Trevor aside, told him, he expected to give him an increase of satisfaction before night. Every thing was ready to receive them at St. Ismael, where open house had been kept ever since the marriage, and the ladies and gentlemen having their several apartments assigned them, they sat down to a plentiful repast, after which the glass was circulated.

ed with modest cheerfulness and the conversation was such as might be expected from the wise and worthy personages that supported it. It was now the close of evening, when Mr. Goldsmith, who still seemed unusually thoughtful, went out; but soon returned, Mrs. Julian following him, and a servant with a box, which was fastened with two locks, and also strongly corded down, and which he ordered him, to the surprise of the company, to set up on the table before him. "Madam," he said, addressing himself to Mrs. Manley, "do you think it might not be possible that your son might escape with life, at the time you suppose he was buried in the ocean? If the wind set on shore (and they were I think in sight of it when they got into the boat) it is not incredible that some of the people therein, though spent and dying, might be cast on some part of the coast?" These interrogatories aroused the attention of all the company, and of no one more than Mrs. Manley and her husband. She answered, wildly gazing at him, "Oh! Sir, too surely Miss Horton and my child perished; our intelligencer saw them sunk, and after that they never rose more. Oh! my heart!—why does it not burst at the remembrance!" "Dear madam,"

madam," he replied, "be calm—the evidence of persons in fear and dread is always to be doubted—sink the boat did, I make no doubt—but I begin to have the pleasing hope that your son did not really perish; but may, one time or other, again bless your sight. I perceive by your beautiful picture, that Miss Horton was young, and you have there dressed her in green. This, I am told, is not fancy; nay, Mr. Manley tells me, that by your accurate description, the painter has drawn he thinks, by what he can remember, a perfect likeness not only of Miss Horton, but of your child. Do you think you can recollect any of your child's dress, or that he had any thing remarkable about him!"——

"Oh! my dear worthy Mr. Goldsmith, where does this discourse tend?—What an agitation of spirits have you put me into—Oh! yes; he had a coral with ten bells, finely wrought, not marked as usual, but on two of the bells with an M.—They had with them a pap-boat of a very antique make, marked in the same manner. Miss Horton, I do think, could not change her clothes on ship board; and that she left us in was a night-gown of green satin, with a pink petticoat, both of which had been my own." It was visible to

every one that pleasure danced in Mr. Goldsmith's eyes at this conclusion—he rose, and advancing to Mrs. Manley, at the same time his looks raised in silent adoration, he said, “Madam, providence has in store for you a mighty blessing, which your goodness has so much deserved.” Then taking the Orphan by the hand, who trembled from head to heel, as did his lady—“My child, says he, these are your parents—Dear Manley! Madam! I have the evidences that this is really your dear, your long-lost son. Lo! the end of your sorrows! It is thus that heaven rewards virtue like yours, and rectitude of mind and action like his.”

The succeeding scene was inexpressibly moving; they did not wait for the promised evidences; they were convinced by the bare word of Mr. Goldsmith and what they felt. There was indeed not a dry eye in the room. Poor Mrs. Manley, notwithstanding the caution Mr. Goldsmith used, stretching out her arms, and exclaiming—My son!—my son! fell into a swoon.—Mr. Manley's actions and words, though they seemed to bespeak distraction, were infinitely tender to his son, and grateful to heaven. As to the Orphan (for we will yet use that epithet) notwithstanding

standing his usual fortitude, he looked like the statue of wonder; his unconnected words were smothered in the utterance; his bosom heaved with the most painful and over-bearing sensations, and he fainted in the arms of Mr. Goldsmith and his dear Sukey, which were just then extended to support him. In short, that gentleman, seeing in what manner his discovery had operated, was almost distracted himself: he laid the Orphan's face to his own, he alternately pressed the just recovering mother, and the afflicted daughter to his bosom, crying, "Alas! what has my percipitation produced—my rashness has killed my son!" These words had a baneful effect upon his lady; though her arms incircled his neck, she believed, all wild as she was, that he was really dead, and screaming out dolefully, fell upon the floor in strong convulsions. This accident had nearly had the same effect upon Sir Trevor, had not the Orphan, by the united care of Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Julian, and his other friends, just then opened his eyes. He soon perceived his charming wife in the arms of Lady Owen and Mrs. Penry, and, forgetting every thing else, took her with eagerness to his bosom, and by his warm and tender pressure soon restored

her to herself. What passed afterwards between the recovered parents and son, language will not afford words to describe. It is sufficient to say that the extravagance of joy, the emotions of wild tenderness over, they became somewhat calm, were felicitated with the most cordial expressions by all the assembled friends, and Mr. Goldsmith at length had time to finish what he thought proper further to say : the box was opened ; the corol produced, and even the pap boat, which had been found in Miss Horton's pocket ; then her dress which had been carefully preserved, was shewn, and, with a thousand blessings and praises of the God of mercy, acknowledged by both the happy parents. " And now, my dear friends," Mr. Goldsmith continued ; " accept your child—alas ! I must still call him mine—the endeared term will ever dwell upon my tongue :—you receive him with those qualities of head and heart, that have engaged not only my love, but the love of all this respectable company, of Sir Trevor, of his lovely daughter, who have so generously made him as happy as a mortal can be.—Oh ! my son ! my dear child !" he added, the tears streaming down his cheeks—" I own, however, though justice, honour
humanity

humanity required this discovery—yet if you love me less than you have done, I shall sink into dejection and unhappiness: providence has raised you up many valuable friends; but your worthy parents, nay even the fond partner of your heart, cannot love you better than I do.”—Here his voice failed him, and he sunk down in his chair; but the Orphan, moved to the last degree, eagerly rose, and falling on his knees before him, exclaimed—“ Love you less, my father, my more than father, love you less!—No: every hour of my future life shall witness my duty, gratitude, and affection, to the best and most generous of human beings, to whom I owe all I have and all I am—to whom I owe that, I was worthy this dearest creature, who, behold, Sir, (as was really the case, she, by a sudden motion of tenderness, now kneeling beside him) is come to join me in these protestations—to whom I owe the knowledge of my parents—to whom, what do I not owe?—I owe every thing!”

“ And I, dearest father, added she, let me ever use that endeared name, will teach my children, if providence bless me with them, to pay you the same reverential regard; their infant tongues shall learn to lisp your honoured name, and I

hope

hope their more improved years will copy the example of the best of men." Goldsmith, moved by these instances of their affection, raised, folded them in his arms and bedewed with tears, told them they had restored him to life and joy. "Oh! Sir," the melting Manley and his wife both together exclaimed, "Our lives will never be sufficient to make any proper retribution for your goodness to our son—*your* son, we would say—to us—gracious heaven! to what a height of felicity we are raised! What reason we have to pray for lengthened days to discharge in some sort the mighty account. Mrs. Lloyd, that excellent lady, Mr. Jenkins, Mrs. Julian, Mrs. Penry, kind and beneficent Sir Trevor, our amiable daughter!—Oh! can an age of affection, of unabated affection—can all we possess, be the least recompence for your goodness to this heaven-preserved child!—But what our short date will permit in this life, shall be employed in the warmest returns of love and gratitude."

Mr. Jenkins, willing to close the scene, and to reduce all parties to their wonted calmness, rose, and in excellent extempore prayer, and in words more than human, returned thanks to God for all his mercies, in which he was sincerely joined
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by the pious auditors, with as much reverential awe, and as enlarged hearts, as ever approached the throne of grace.

C H A P. XII *and Last.*

AS the most exalted virtues, will not protect mortals from the stroke of death, I must conclude my story, with events of that melancholy kind.

The *Generous Briton*, and Sir Trevor Thomas, after enjoying the greatest comforts in the constant sollicitudes of their children, resigned their souls into the hands of their Creator, taken from a life of benevolence and usefulness to their fellow-creatures, which was not disgraced by their latest moments. Mr. Mauley and his consort next left this sublunary state, happy in having their eyes closed also by their all-accomplished children, and after dandling upon their knees their blooming offspring, two lovely boys, Goldsmith and Trevor, and a blooming girl named Maria after her grandmother. Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Penry survived them some time, cheered by the kind offices and constant affection of the adored couple, who tendered them to their last moments. The
children

children of Mrs. Penry married happily; their interests were consulted on all occasions, and their children now live in the family. Mr. Jenkins died as a Christian should, living after his wife some years, extending his cares to the education of his dear Orphan's children. Mr. Jones soon after deceased; his son married a worthy lady of Carmarthen, and his friend, blessed with an opulent fortune, upon his marriage, released the estate of St. Kmael to him and his heirs. Sir Hugh Owen and his lady were living when these lines were written; the example of their friends at Ithin Duon had the most salutary effect upon her, and they were happily surrounded by a numerous offspring. Mr. Lloyd and his lady, the constant companions of Mr. Wm. Goldsmith Manley (as he was now called) and his lady, lived to see a third son born, which was baptized by the name of James-Lloyd, and on whom they settled their estate.

Mr. Manley, our hero, and his adored wife, in whom mutual love is not impaired by time, whenever it shall please God to call them hence, need no monument, but that they have raised by their humanity and benevolence, to perpetuate their memories. The sigh of affliction,
the

the tear of distress, were never by noticed them without relief of the suffering party. In their family dignity and plenty reign, with frugality. Their servants, impelled as much by affection as by duty, watch their every look, and fly to fulfil their commands. Their tenants, cheerful and happy, look upon their farms, under such a landlord, as hereditary in their families, and thence improve their lands with zeal and confidence: Their children, bred up under the best of fathers and mothers, and copying their bright example, are esteemed by those honest peasants as pledges of the future happiness of their own offspring. There is no contention between this discerning pair, but who shall oblige the most. Few are the instances of such conjugal virtue! Ithin Duon will ever be remembered as the paradise of Wales; its inhabitants as ornaments to human nature, and an honour to their country.

THE END.

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